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GOVERNMENT'S LAST BIG INDIAN LAND DRAWING

In July next—July 15 to August 5—three more large Indian reservations will pass from the red man to the pale face. These are the Flathead in Montana, 450,000 acres; the Coeur d'Alene in Idaho, 200,000 acres; the Spokane in Washington, 50,000 acres.

The fact that this is the last big opening the country will ever see has added interest to the event. The people are now going into the country daily to locate desirable pieces, which they will ask the government to give to them should they draw one of the lucky numbers.

The Reservations.

The Flathead reservation lies in Flathead county, in the northwestern part of Montana, and on the west side of the main range of the Rocky mountains. The great valley is protected from strong winds and storms by the mountains on all sides, and it enjoys the warm, modifying influence of the Pacific ocean to a marked degree in the winter. During the summer the days are warm and the nights cool, and heated terms, such as in the Mississippi valley, are never suffered. In the winter the climate is even, the average range of temperature being from 15 to 40 degrees above zero, without a strong wind. In fact, its climate is the greatest advantage of the valley. The soil of the valley is a dark, rich loam on a clay subsoil, usually without rock or gravel. The rainfall is usually ample to raise most crops without irrigation. It ranges from sixteen to twenty-eight inches and comes at all seasons, principally in May and June. The farmer can get big results in this district, but he must use his brains and be willing to learn. The so-called dry farming, or more aptly termed scientific farming, must be used to a large extent.

The Indian reservation is a continuation of the present Flathead valley, which has filled up rapidly with prosperous settlers during the past twenty years. In the center of the great valley lies Flathead lake, the largest body of fresh water in the United States west of the Mississippi. The north line of the reservation cuts this lake about in half. From Polson, at the southern end of the lake, there are over thirty miles of magnificent prairies, almost level. Except a small patch here and there, farmed by one of the more intelligent half-breeds, the land lies in virgin condition. It has long been used as a range for cattle and horses owned by the Indians. A large herd of buffalo still lives on this range.

The Mission range of mountains rises some 5,000 feet on the east, covered with pine, fir and larch. Innumerable small creeks and streams, filled with trout, flow down these mountains, thence into the Pend d'Orelle river, which enters Flathead lake. Although even more rapid, the development of the lower valley, as the Flathead reservation is termed by the old homesteaders, is expected to be similar to that of the district already settled.

When settlers began entering there twenty years ago a few stockmen occupied the entire range. They tried to discourage the homesteaders by telling them all sorts of stories, but a few of the more hardy ones stayed anyway. The cattlemen naturally did not want the homesteaders to fence the country and occupy the range. In 1888 there was no town in the valley with a population of more than 100 people. Probably 100 homestead entries and squatters' claims were in existence in the valley. The coming of the railroad was followed by an influx of settlers. The city of Kalispell, started in 1901, now has a population of close to 8,000. Under the appraisement by the government the new lands to be opened will sell from $1.25 to $6 an acre, to be paid for on easy terms extending over five years.

Land Office Rules.

Registration dates will be from July 15 to August 5, 1909. Applications for registration may be sworn to at the following places, but in each instance application must be sworn to at the point designated in each reservation:

Flathead reservation, at Missoula and Kalispell, Mont. Spokane reservation, at Spokane, Wash. Coeur d'Alene reservation, at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

All applications must be on blank forms furnished by the general land office and must show name, postoffice address, age, height and weight of applicant, and be sworn to by applicant and sen tby ordinary mail to James W. Whitten, superintendent opening, at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and not by registered mail or in person. No envelope will be received which bears return address on outside or in any way indicates names of sender.

Applicants are entitled to register for land in any or all of the above reservations. However, should a person wish to register for lands in more than one of the reservations he must appear at the places designated above and swear to his application. Each application must be sent in a separate envelope to James W. Whitten.

Persons honorably discharged after ninety days' service in the army or navy of the United States during or following the war of the rebellion, or the widows or minor orphan children may present their applications either in person or through their duly appointed agent, but no person can act for more than one such applicant, and all such applications presented by agents must be signed, sworn to and presented in the same places and in the same manner in which other applicants are obliged to present applications. Different and separate power of attorney must be given for each reservation to the same or different persons.

Drawing will begin on August 9, 1909, at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and continue thereafter as long as necessary to carry out the provisions of the proclamation. The successful applicants will be numbered in the order they are selected, beginning with number one for the lands in each reservation. A proper notice will be sent to each person to whom a number is assigned, thereby avoiding the necessity of applicants being present at the drawing.

The selection and entry of land will begin April 1, 1910, and successful applicants will be notified by the secretary of the interior the exact date they must appear and enter, and if they fail to appear on that date they will lose all rights under the numbers assigned them. Numbers cannot be sold or transferred.

No sucessful applicant can present more than one application to file on land. As an illustration: If some applicants should register for more than one of these reservations, and successfully draw in more than one, it would be necessary for him to decide in which one he would elect to make entry, as only one claim can be filed upon.

After September 1, 1910, all said lands which have not been entered under the system of drawing authorized by the proclamation will become subject to settlement and entry under the homestead laws at the appraised value.

No definite plan for disposing of timber lands, or lands reserved for irrigation, has been announced.

Among those not qualified to make entry are:

A married woman unless deserted by her husband or unless he is incapacitated from supporting his family. One not a citizen of the United States. One under 21 years of age, not the head of a family. One who is already the owner of more than 160 acres of land. One who has previously made a homestead entry unless under the law he is entitled to make a second entry.

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER II.

Morristown.

It was not until the Colonel had passed over the shoulder above the stonewalled house that he escaped from the jeers of the younger members of this savage tribe, who, noting something abnormal in the fashion of the stranger's clothes, followed him a space. On descending the farther slope, however, he found himself alone in the silence of the waste. Choosing, without hesitation, one of two tracks, ill-trodden, but such as in that district and at that period passed for roads, he took his way along it at a good pace.

A wide brown basin, bog for the most part, but rising here and there into mounds of sward or clumps of thorn trees, stretched away to the foot of the hills. The tower on the shoulder behind him had been raised by his wild forefathers. Soil and sky, the lark which sang overhead, the dark peat-water which rose under foot, the scent of the moist air, the cry of the curlew, all spoke of the home which he had left in the gayety of youth, to return to it a grave man, older than his years, with gray hairs flecking the black. No wonder that he stood more than once and absorbed in thought, gazed on this or that, on crag and moss, on the things which time and experience had so strangely diminished.

The track, after zig-zagging across a segment of the basin, entered a narrow valley, drained by a tolerable stream. After ascending this for a couple of miles it disclosed a view of a wider vale, enclosed by gentle hills. In the lap of this nestled a lake, on the upper end of which some beauty was conferred by a few masses of rock partly clothed by birch trees, through which a stream fell sharply from the upland. Not far from these rocks a long, low house stood on the shore.

The stranger paused to take in the prospect; nor was it until after the lapse of some minutes, spent in the deepest reverie, that he pursued his way along the left-hand bank of the lake. By and by he was able to discern, amid the masses of rock at the head of the lake, a gray tower, the twin of that Tower of Skull which he had left behind him, and a hundred paces further on he came upon a near view of the house.

"Two and twenty years!" he murmured. "There is not even a dog to bid me welcome!"

The house was of two stories, with a thatched roof. Its back was to the slopes that rose by marshy terraces to the hills. Its face was turned to the lake, and between it and the water lay a walled forecourt, the angle on each side of the entrance protected by a tower of an older date than the house. The entrance was somewhat pretentious—and might—for each of the pillars supported a heraldic beast—have seemed to an English eye out of character with the thatched roof. But one of the beasts was headless, and one of the gates had fallen from its hinges. In like manner the dignity of a tolerably spacious garden, laid out beside the house, was marred by the proximity of the fold yard.

On the lower side of the road, opposide the gates, half a dozen stone steps that, like the heraldic pillars, might have graced a more stately mansion, led down to the water. They formed a resting place for as many beggars, engaged at drawing at empty pipes, while twice as many old women sat against the wall of the forecourt and, with their drugget cloaks about them, kept up a continual whine. Among these, turning heself now to one, now to another, moved the girl whom the Colonel had seen at the landing place. She held her riding skirt uplifted in one hand, her whip in the other, and she was bareheaded. At her elbow, whistling idly and tapping his boots with a switch, lounged the big man of the morning.

As the Colonel approached the man and the maid turned and looked at him. The two exchanged some sentences and the man came forward to meet him.

"Sir," he said, not without a touch of rough courtesy, "if it is for hospitality you have come, you will be welcome at Morristown. But if it is to start a cry about this moning's business you've traveled on your ten toes to no purpose."

The Colonel looked at him. "Cousin Ulick," he said, "I take your welcome as it is meant, and I thank you for it."

The big man's mouth opened wide. "By the Holy Cross!" he said, "if I'm not thinking it is John Sullivan!"

"It is," the Colonel answered, smiling. And he held out his hand.

Uncle Ulick grasped it impulsively. "And it's I'm the one that's glad to see you," he said. "By heaven, I am! Though I didn't expect you! And faith, I'm sure that you will be as welcome to all, John Sullivan, as you are to me."

"You were always easy, Ulick," the other answered with a smile, "when you were big and I was little."

"Ay? Well, in size we're much as we were. But—Flavia!"

The girl, scenting something strange, was already at his elbow. "What is it?" she asked, her breath coming a little quickly. "Who is it?" fixing her eyes on the newcomer's face.

Uncle Ulick chuckled. "It's your guardian, my jewel," he said. "No less! And what he'll say to what's going on I'll not be foretelling!"

"My guardian?" she repeated, the blood rising abruptly to her cheek.

"Just that," Ulick Sullivan answered. "It's John Sullivan back from Sweden, and as I've told him, I'm not sure that all at Morristown will be as glad to see him as I am." Uncle Ulick went off into a peal of Titanic laughter.

But that which amused him did not appear to amuse his niece. She stood staring at Colonel Sullivan as if she were far more surprised than pleased. At length, and with a childish dignity, she held out her hand.

"If you are Colonel John Sullivan," she said in a thin voice, "you are welcome at Morristown."

He might have laughed at the distance of her tone, but he merely bowed, and with the utmost gravity. "I thank you," he answered. And then, addressing Ulick Sullivan "I need not say that I had your communication," he continued, "with the news of Sir Michael's death and of the dispositions made by his will. I could not come at once, but when I could I did, and I am here. Having said so much," he went on, turning to the girl with serious kindness, "may I add that I think it will be well if we leave matters of business on one side until we know one another?"

"Well, faith, I think we'd better," Ulick Sullivan chuckled. "I do think so, bedad!"

The girl said nothing, and restraint fell upon the three. They turned from one another and looked across the lake, which the wind, brisk at sea, barely ruff d. Colonel Sullivan remarked that they had a little more land under tillage than he remembered, and Ulick assented. Again there was silence, until the girl struck her habit with her whip and said flippantly, "Well, to dinner, if we are to have dinner." She turned and led the way to the gate of the forecourt.

The man who followed was clever enough to read defiance in the pose of her head and resentment in her shoulders. When a beggar woman, more importunate than the rest, caught hold of her skirt and Flavia flicked her with her whip as she would have flicked a dog, he understood.

There were dogs in the stone-paved hall; a hen, too, finding its food on the floor and strutting here and there as if it had never known another home. On the left of the door an oak table stood laid for the midday meal; on the right, before a carved stone chimneypiece, under which a huge log smouldered on the andirons, two or three men were seated. These rose on the entrance of the young mistress—they were dependents of the better class, for whom open house was kept at Morristown. So far, all was well; yet it may be that on the instant eyes which had been blind to defects were opened by the presence of this stranger from the outer world. Flavia's voice was hard as she asked old Darby, the butler, if The McMurrough was in the house.

"Faith, I believe not," said he. "His Honor, nor the other quality, have not returned from the fishing."

"Well, let him know when he comes in," she rejoined, "that Colonel John Sullivan has arrived from Sweden, and," she added, with a faint sneer, "it were well if you put on your uniform coat, Darby."

The old butler did not hear the last words. He was looking at the newcomer. "Glory be, Colonel," he said, "it's in a field of peas I'd have known you! True for you, you're as like the father that bred you as the two covers of a book! It's he was the grand gentleman! I was beyant the Mahoney's great gravestone when he shot Squire Crosby in the old churchyard of Tralee for an appetite to his breakfast! More by token, he went out with the garrison officer after his second bottle that same day that ever was—and the creature shot him in the knee—bad luck to him for a foreigner and a Protestant—and he limped to his dying day!"

The girl laughed unkindly. "You're opening your mouth and putting your foot in it, Darby," she said. "If the Colonel is not a foreigner—"

"And sure he couldn't be that and his own father's son!" cried the quick-witted Irishman. "And if, bad luck, he's a Protestant, I'll never believe he's one of them through-and-through black Protestants that you and I mean! Glory be, it's not in the Sullivans to be one of them!"

The Colonel laughed as he shook the old servant's hand, and Uncle Ulick joined in the laugh. "You're a clever rogue, Darby," he said. "Your neck'll never be in a rope, but your fingers will untie the knot! And now where'll you put him?"

Flavia tapped her foot on the floor; foreseeing, perhaps, what was coming.

"Put his Honor?" Darby repeated, rubbing his bald head. "Ay, sure, where'll we put him? May it be long before the heavens is his bed! There's the old master's room, a grand chamber fit for a lord, but there's a small matter of the floor that is sunk and lets in the rats—bad cess to the dogs for an idle, useless pack. The young master's friends are in the south, but the small room beyant that has the camp truckle that Sir Michael brought from the ould wars, that's dry and snug! And for the one window that's airy, sure, 'tis no drawback at this sayson."

"It will do very well for me, Darby," the Colonel said, smiling.

"Well," Darby answered, "I'm not so sure where's another. The young masther——"

"That will do, Darby!" the girl cried impatiently. And then, "I am sorry, Colonel Sullivan," she continued stiffly, "that you should be so poorly lodged—who are the master of all. But doubtless," with an irrepressible resentment in her voice, "you will be able presently to put matters on a better footing."

With a formal curtsey she retreated up the stairs, which at the rear of the hall ascended to a gallery that ran right and left to the rooms on the first floor.

Colonel Sullivan turned with Uncle Ulick to the nearest window and looked out on the untidy forecourt. "You know, I suppose," he said, in a tone which the men beside the fire, who were regarding him curiously, could not hear, "the gist of Sir Michael's letters to me?"

Uncle Ulick drummed with his fingers on the window sill. "Faith, the most of it," he said.

"Was he right in believing that her brother intended to turn Protestant for the reasons he told me?"

"It's like enough, I'm thinking."

"Does she know? The girl?"

"Not a breath! And I would not be the one to tell her," Uncle Ulick added, with some grimness.

"Yet it may be necessary!"

Uncle Ulick shook his fist at a particularly importunate beggar who had ventured across the forecourt. "It's a gift the little people never gave me to tell unpleasant things," he said. "And if you'll be told by me, Colonel, you'll travel easy. The girl has a spirit, and you'll not persuade her to stand in her brother's light, at all, at all! She has it fast that her grandmother wronged him—and old Sir Michael was queer tempered at times. The gift to her will go for nothing, you'll see!"

"She must be a noble girl."

"Never a better!"

"But if her grandfather was right in thinking so ill of his grandson?"

"I'm not saying he wasn't," Uncle Ulick muttered.

"Then we must not let her set the will aside."

Ulick Sullivan shrugged his shoulders. "Let?" he said. "Faith! it's but little if it be a question of that! James is for taking, and she's for giving! He's her white swan. Who's to hinder?"

"You."

"It's easiness has been my ruin, and faith! it's too late to change."

"Then I?"

Uncle Ulick smiled. "To be sure," he said slyly, "there's you, Colonel."

"The whole estate is mine, you see, in law."

"Ay, but there's no law west of Tralee," Uncle Ulick retorted. "That's where old Sir Michael made his mistake. I'd not be knowing what would happen if it went about that you were ousting them that had the right, and you a Protestant. He's not the great favorite, James McMurrough, and whether he or the girl took most'd be a mighty small matter, but if you think to twist it so as to play cuckoo—though with the height of fair meaning and not spying a silver penny of profit for yourself, Colonel—I take leave to tell you he's a most unpopular bird."

"But, Sir Michael," the Colonel answered, "left all to me to that very end—that it might be secured to the girl."

"Sorrow one of me says no!" Ulick rejoined. "But——"

"But what?" the Colonel replied politely. "The more plainly you speak the more you will oblige me."

But all that Ulick Sullivan could be brought to say at that moment—perhaps he knew that curious eyes were on their conference—was that Kerry was "a mighty queer country," and the thief of the world wouldn't know what would pass there by times. And besides, there were things afoot that he'd talk about at another time.

Then he changed the subject abruptly, asking the Colonel if he had seen a big ship in the bay.

"What colors?" the Colonel asked—the question men ask who have been at sea.

"Spanish, maybe," Uncle Ulick answered. "Did you sight such a one?"

But the Colonel has seen no big ship.

CHAPTER III.

A Scion of Kings.

The family at Morristown had been half an hour at table, and in the interval a man of more hasty judgment than Colonel Sullivan might have made up his mind on many points. Whether the young McMurrough was offensive of set purpose, and because an unwelcome guest was present, or whether he merely showed himself as he was—an unlicked cub—such a man might have determined. But the Colonel held his judgment in suspense, though he leaned to the latter view of the case.

At their first sitting down the young man had shown his churlishness. Beginning by viewing the Colonel in sulky silence, he had answered his kinsman's overtures only by a rude stare or a boorish word. His companions, two squireens of his own age, and much of his own kidney, nudged him from time to time, and then the three would laugh in such a way as to make it plain that the stranger was the butt of the jest. Presently, overcoming the reluctant impression which Colonel John's manners made upon him, the young man found his tongue, and, glancing at his companions to bring them into the joke, "Much to have where you come from, Colonel?" he asked.

"As in most places," the Colonel replied mildly, "by working for it, or earning it after one fashion or another. Indeed, my friend, country and country are more alike except on the outside, than is thought by those who stay at home."

"You've seen a wealth of countries, I'm thinking?" the young man asked with a sneer.

"I have crossed Europe more than once."

"And stayed in none?"

"If you mean—"

"Faith, I mean you've come back!" the young man exclaimed with a loud laugh, in which his companions joined. "You'll mind the song"—and with a wink he trolled out:

In such contempt, in short, I fell,
Which was a very bad thing,
They devilish badly used me there,
For nothing but a farthing.

"You're better than that, Colonel, for the worst we can say of you is, you's come back a penny!"

"If you mean a bad one, come home," the Colonel rejoined, taking the lad good humoredly—he was not blind to the hush of indignation which dyed Flavia's cheeks—"I'll take the wit for welcome. To be sure, to die in Ireland is an Irishman's hope, all the world over."

"True for you, Colonel!" Uncle Ulick said. And "For shame, James," he continued, speaking with more sternness than was natural to him. "Faith, and if you talked abroad as you talk at home, you'd be for having a pistol ball in your gizzard in the time it takes you to say your prayers—if you ever say them, my lad!"

"What are my prayers to you, I'd like to know?" James retorted, offensively.

"Easy, lad, easy!"

The young man glared at him. "What is it to you?" he cried still more rudely, "whether I pray or no?"

"James! James!" Flavia pleaded under her breath.

"Do you be keeping your feet to yourself!" he cried, betraying her kindly maneuver, "and let my shins be! I want none of your guiding! More by token, miss, don't you be making a sight of yourself as you did this morning, or you'll smart for it. What is it to you if O'Sullivan Og takes our dues for us—and a trifle over? And, sorra one of you doubt it, if Mounseer comes jawing here, it's in the peathole he'll find himself! Never the value of a cork he gets out of me; that's flat! Eh, Phelim?"

"True for you, McMurrough!" the youth who sat beside him answered, winking. "We'll soak him for you."

"So do you be taking a lesson, Miss Flavvy," the young Hector continued, "and don't you go threatening honest folk with your whip, or it'll be about your own shoulders it'll fall! I know what's going on and when I want your help, I'll ask it."

The girl's lip trembled. "But it's robbery, James," she murmured.

"Hang your robbery!" he retorted, casting a defiant eye round the table. "They'll pay our dues, and what they get back will be their own!"

"And it's rich they'll be with it!" Phelim chuckled.

"Ay, faith, it's the proud men they'll be that day!" laughed Morty, his brother.

"Fine words, my lad," Uncle Ulick replied quietly; "but it's my opinion you'll fall on trouble, and more than it please you, with Crosby of Castlemaine. And why, I'd like to know? 'Tis a grand trade, and has served us well since I can remember! Why can't you take what's last out of it, and let the poor devil of a sea captain that's supplied many an honest man's table have his own, and go his way? Take my word for it, it's rueing it you'll be, when all's done."

"It's not from Crosby of Castlemaine I'll rue it!" James McMurrough answered arrogantly. "I'll shoot him like a bog snipe if he's sorra a word to say to it! That for him, the black sneak of a Protestant!" And he snapped his fingers. But his day will soon be past, and we'll be dealing with him. The toast is warming for him now!"

Phelim slapped his thigh. "True for you, McMurrough! That's the talk!"

"That's the talk!" chorused Morty.

The Colonel opened his mouth to speak, but he caught Flavia's look of distress and he refrained.

"For my part," Morty continued jovially, "I'd not wait—for you know what! The gentleman's way's the better; early or late, Clare or Kerry, 'tis all one! A drink of the tea, a peppered devil, and a pair of the beauties is an Irishman's morning."

"And many's the poor soul has to mourn it—long and bitterly," the Colonel said. His tender corn being trod upon, he could be silent no longer. "For shame, sir, for shame!" he added warmly.

Morty started. "Begorra, and why?" he cried in a tone which proved that he asked the question in perfect innocence.

"Why?" Colonel John repeated. For a moment, in face of prejudices so strong, he paused. "Can you ask me when you know how many a life as young as yours—and I take you to be scarcely, sir, in your twenties—has been forfeit for a thoughtless word, an unwitting touch, a look; when you know how many a bride has been widowed as soon as wedded, how many a babe orphaned as soon as born? And for what, sir?"

"For the point of honor!" The McMurty cried. Morty, for his part, was dumb with astonishment.

"The point of honor?" the Colonel repeated, more slowly, "what is it? In nine cases out of ten the fear of seeming to be afraid. In the tenth—the desire to wipe out a stain that blood leaves as deep as before!"

"Faith and you surprise me!" Phelim cried with a genuine naivete that at another time would have provoked a smile.

"Kerry'll more than surprise you," quoth The McMurrough rudely, "if it's that way you'll be acting! Would you let Crosby of Castlemaine call you thief?"

"I would not thieve!" the Colonel replied.

There was a stricken silence for a moment. Then The McMurrough sprang to his feet, his querulous face flushed with rage, his arm raised. But Ulick's huge hand dragged him down. "Easy, lad, easy," he cried, restraining the young man. "He's your guest; remember that!"

"And he spoke in haste," the Colonel said. "I withdraw my words," he continued, "rising and frankly holding out his hand. "I recognize that I was wrong. I see that the act bears in your eyes a different aspect and I beg your pardon, sir."

The McMurrough took the hand, though he took it sullenly; and the Colonel sat down again. His action, to say nothing of his words, left Phelim and Morty in a state of amazement so profound that the two sat staring as if carved out of the same block of wood.

If Colonel John noticed their surprise he seemed in no way put out by it. "Perhaps," he said gently, "it is wrong to thrust opinions on others unasked. I think that is so! It should be enough to act upon them one's self and refrain from judging others."

The Colonel was a Sullivan and an Irishman and it was supposed that he had followed the wars. Whence, then, these strange words, these unheard of opinions? Morty felt his cheek flush with the shame which Colonel John should have felt; and Phelim grieved for the family. The gentleman might be mad; it was charitable to think he was. But, mad or sane, he was like they feared, to be the cause of sad misunderstanding in the country round.

The McMurrough, of a harder and less generous nature than his companions, felt more contempt than wonder. The man had insulted him grossly and had apologized so abjectly; that was his view of the incident. He was the first to break the silence. "Sure, it's very well for the gentleman it's in the family," he said dryly. "Tail up, tail down, it's all one among friends. But if he'll be so quick with his tongue in Tralee Market, he'll chance on one here and there that he'll not blarney so easily! Eh, Morty?"

"I'm fearing so, too," said Phelim pensively. Morty did not answer. "'Tis a queer world," Phelim added.

"And all sorts in it," The McMurrough cried, his tone more arrogant than before.

Flavia glanced at him, frowning. "Let us have peace now," she said.

"Peace? Sorrow a bit of war there's like to be in the present company!" the victor cried. And he began to whistle amid an awkward silence. The air he chose was one well known at that day, and when he had whistled a few bars one of the buckeens at the lower end of the table began to sing the words softly.

It was a' for our rightful king,
We left fair Ireland's strand!
It was a' for our rightful king
We e'er saw foreign land, my dear,
We e'er saw foreign land!

"My dear, or no, you'll be doing well to be careful!" The McMurrough said, in a jeering tone, with an eye on the Colonel.

(To Be Continued.)

PURPLE AND HOMESPUN

BY AUSTIN FRYERS

LONDON—1908.

CHAPTER XV.

Hegarty's Suggestion.

Philip Darrell found that courting a princess was not a process that drew much on one's time, however absorbing it might be to one's thoughts. Under cover to Jeannette he was able to pour out the rhapsody of his love, with only this drawback, that he had not the faculty of transmitting his thoughts to paper with ease or facility. Had it been possible to convey what he meant through the more familiar medium of sketching instead of writing, the task would have been easier, and have pleased him better. As it was he thought that his effusions were lame and impotent as compared with the thoughts he wished to convey, and in this he was not far wrong, for whatever poets and novelists may say, love is not sufficient of itself to transform a man into an essayist who lacks the gift of literary expression.

Had he known that the princess considered his correspondence the most inspired and inspiring reading in the whole world, he would have been more at ease in his mind; but perhaps it was as well he remained in ignorance of this, lest he might have cozened himself into the notion that he had the literary gift, a thing which is very easily done.

But beyond these communications the lovers were kept apart, the assiduity of the duchess, who felt that she had secured the gift of a new life from the Spitz-Spinghel bath, rendering any further meeting for the time being impossible. Of course Darrell was able to see the princess; what lover would be denied the sight of his inamorata unless she were absolutely immured. He daily stationed himself near the hotel, and watched her outgoing and her incoming, carefully effacing himself, lest the duchess, seeing him, should remember him as the ogre of the Green Park, who might conceivably be harboring the design of devouring her charge.

Darrell felt that he required some stimulant to relieve the tedium of his watching, and there was only one direction in which he could find this, for there was only one person to whom he had confided the secret of his romance; and then only the opening chapter when the heroine was as yet a mysterious, unknown and unnamed goddess.

This confidant was the Irish journalist, Dan Hegarty; and with the intention of confiding to him so much of the development of the story as he might deem advisable, he turned his steps towards the Bachelors' Barracks in Villiers street, where Hegarty had his rooms. It would, at any rate, be a relief to discuss the story nearest his heart with someone he could trust, and he knew he could trust Hegarty.

As he walked along Piccadilly he met, just outside Prince's, a lady and gentleman who were about to enter. The lady bowed—Philip raised his hat—and she motioned that she wished to speak to him. A word of excuse to the gentleman she was with sufficed to send him into the vestibule to wait till she was disengaged. The lady was Miss Minnie Howard.

"Philip, I want to have a good long chat with you—no love-making, of course; all that is over—but a serious talk about one or two matters. Can you come tomorrow afternoon and have a cup of tea with mother and myself?"

"Certainly," he replied, "with pleasure."

Truth to tell, he anticipated no pleasure, but he knew of no reason why he should decline to go.

"Then I shall expect you," she said, smiling, and holding out her daintily-gloved hand. "By the by, Philip, do you know who the gentleman is that is taking me in to lunch?"

"I don't know the gentleman," said Philip, none too graciously, "and I didn't know you were going to lunch."

"Then you are not much of a Sherlock Holmes," she laughed. "It's hardly likely we're going to buy chocolates. My friend is the Grand Duke Frederic of Alsenburg."

"Alsenburg," exclaimed Darrell, astonished.

The would-be princess interpreted his surprise quickly.

"Yes," she replied with a smile without pretending to notice the effect of her words, "a relation of your new sweetheart—the Princess."

"Good God—" began Darrell, but Miss Howard interrupted him.

"We can't talk here," said she. "Tell me anything you like tomorrow—tat-ta."

She disappeared so suddenly that when Darrell remembered to raise his hat, the salute was acknowledged by a grinning commissionaire.

"Damn!" exclaimed Darrell, and he turned away with angry strides, although he was not so desirous of seeing Hegarty now as he had been when he first started, for the brief communication which his late fiancee made to him filled him with apprehension none the less disconcerting that he could not see what the danger was which he felt was impending. After some reflection he concluded, however, that there was now more than ever a reason why he should take counsel with a trusted friend, and he was glad to submit the facts to Hegarty and ask him for his counsel and advice.

There is an advantage in having a writer for an acquaintance if one wishes to call on him in the hope of finding him in; for unless he be a genius, written about in the newspapers and talked about by himself, who must go to some fashionable place on the continent or some out-of-the way place at home, to feel attuned to one of his great efforts, he regards his writing merely as work, and he remains at home to get on with it.

Dan Hegarty had not acquired sufficient fame and rewards to "put on frills," as he expressed it, and Darrell felt fairly certain that he would find him in his chambers. In this he was not mistaken. When Darrell knocked at the door, a cheery voice from inside called out "Come in." Darrell turned the handle, and found himself confronted with a thick fog of strong-smelling tobacco smoke, through the haze of which he could see Hegarty in a collarless shirt, sitting at the table on which was a pile of paper, a blotting-pad, a siphon of soda, a bottle of whisky, a tobacco jar, an ash tray and several boxes of matches.

"Oh, be Jabers, Darrell, it's you, is it?" said Hegarty, rising and coming towards him with outstretched hand. "Sure I was wondering when you were going to call on me again, for I'm dying to know how that romance of yours is gettin' on."

"I'm afraid I'm interrupting you, Dan," said Darrell, shaking hands with him. "Are you sure now that I am not stopping you with your work?"

"I'm quite sure you are," replied Hegarty, with a laugh, "and I'm jolly glad you're doin' it. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and his work a damn sight duller. Sit down; have a cigar and a whisky and soda; and let's have a chow. I'm jolly glad to see you, old sonny; that I am. I'm only writin' a short story for one of the papers; and I've got my heroine into such a fix, that I don't know how the divil to get her out of it. But it doesn't matther; for anythin' good nowadays is rather at a discount if you want small profits and quick returns in the litherary market. But there you are now. You'll like that cigar an' there isn't enough smoke in the room yet to give me the right inspiration. How much soda? Say 'when.' Well, good health to you; and here's success to your romance and the fair lady, though its damn little I'll hear of it, if you let me ramble on like this, for I've got as much jaw as a sheep's head. Well: Cheer-oh!"

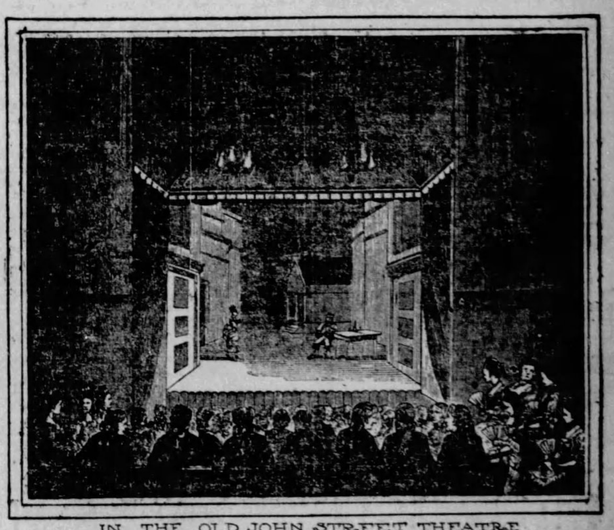
"Good health, old chap," said Darrell, taking a pull at the stiff glass of whisky and soda Dan had handed to him. "What's the plot of the new story?"

"Oh, how the blazes should I know? It's only a guinea a thou' pot-boiler. Besides, it's your story I want to hear. Have you seen the lady since? But, of course, you have. Have you?"

"As you say yourself, Dan; of course, I have."

"Hurray-ray! More power to your

THE FIRST AMERICAN PLAY



IN THE OLD JOHN STREET THEATRE

In the old John Street theatre the first American play ever produced in New York was given when Judge Royall Tyler's Contrast was produced there.

Sothern says that Ireland gives a better description as follows:

"The building was an unsightly object, principally of wood, painted red, and stood about sixty feet back from the street, having a covered way of rough wooden material from the pavement to the doors.

"The stage was of good dimensions and the dressing room and green room were originally under it, but after the Revolution they were removed to a wing added for the purpose on the west side. The auditorium was fitted up with a pit, two rows of boxes and a gallery, and when full at usual prices would contain $800." Lewis Hallam, Jr., and John Henry opened the John Street theatre on December 7, 1767, with the Beaux Stratagem, by the American company, at "six, exactly." * * *

The history of the John Street theatre is replete with interesting episodes that happened before the Revolution. The theatre was closed after an excellent season, pecuniarily speaking, until 1773, when it was opened in April with one of Murphy's comedies, to be reclosed in August, when its last pre-Revolutionary performance, She Stoops to Conquer, was given. Public excitement running too high for the safety of the performers, who were perpetually annoyed by the gallery, the company retired to the West Indies. * * * The theatre was closed the year following, upon the Provincial congress passing a resolution suspending all public amusements.

During the occupation of New York by Lord Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, the officers of the British regiments reopened the John Street theatre with the title of the Theatre Royal, and frequently performed there for charitable objects. They had several seasons, the first beginning January, 1777, and the last ending April, 1782. The best English classical plays were produced and King George's officers did not hesitate to appear in most of the parts common to leading professionals.

HOW DOES ONE KNOW WHEN ANYTHING IS FUNNY

BY ROSE MAC RAE

THE solemn faced little boy who asked gravely when every one else was screaming over something that he didn't find in the least amusing, "How do they tell when anything is funny?" has many sympathizers who have often wondered along the same lines.

When is anything funny—and what is funny—and why? Some few of us go through life laughing at the conventional place where the others shriek because we haven't the moral courage to differ from the opinion of the crowd. Everybody else laughs at this place—we might as well give the line its laugh. If we don't laugh now the actor will keep on working it in until we do. Laugh.

A young father took his brood of four to the Hippodrome. He was expecting the littlest boy to pay his homage to the clowns, but when the troops of them came on with Marceline in his gayest spirits the child's eyes wandered from the stage back to the head of the bald headed man in the orchestra who was beating the drum.

"Freddie," the father said, "look at the clowns, son."

"I see 'em," was the child's reply.

"You're not looking at the clowns on the stage," the father persisted; "see the funny painted clowns!"

"I finks," the small replied, "that fly on his bald head" (indicating the musician) "is funnier nan clowns."

There you are—a difference in taste. To each man his own taste. We have quite worn all the teeth off the ancient saw about a difference in taste as to what constitutes a joke being more vital than a difference in opinions about religion. Once a man grieved all his life for his first wife. A sharp tongued neighbor explained his affection for her because "she always laughed at his little jokes." This explanation may be truer than she knew. It argues a sympathy broad enough to have endeared her to him and a strength deep enough to have held her share of big issues of life that they might have faced together.

Yearly some of us wonder over the rites of April Fool's day. The ancient who first put cotton in the batter cakes for breakfast on that morning ought to have patented the idea for his descendants. They'd be multi-millionaires now, passing the progeny of him who supplied the needed hook and eye. How do they know that this particular breakfast table joke is funny—what part of it is funny—just the cotton or all of it—and what makes it funny? There must be something excruciatingly humorous in it somewhere. Just as there can't be the least possible doubt that it is funny to see a pedestrian slip up on a banana peeling. Hasn't the world as keen a delight in such an accident as when the first peeling was thrown on the first sidewalk in Manhattan village?

A lady was regaling her family about her visit to a neighboring town.

"HOW DO THEY KNOW WHEN ANYTHING IS FUNNY?"

"Of course, you know," she said, "that Cousin So and So's daughter isn't very bright." To support this she went on to say that in a party given in a visitor's honor this girl had appeared, when everyone else wore false curls and bandeaux, with a bird's nest pinned to her hair, in which she had pasted four tiny blue eggs. The family roared at the idea, but a small girl who was listening asked her mother to tell her how they knew it was so funny—what was it funny in a pretty bird's nest in your hair? The mother explained at length, but the child persisted: "I know I'd like the lady with the bird's nest best of all. She doesn't sound funny to me."

Of course mothers-in-law must be funny, or editors of periodicals devoted to wit and humor wouldn't give so much space to them. But what is it about them that is funny? I never saw anybody's mother who was a fit subject for ridicule. The fact that she is a mother should wrap her foibles, her weaknesses, if she has any, in an invisible mantle. It may be that these time-honored jests are being kept alive by a civilization until everybody shall acquire a taste for them.

Did you ever go to a show in your life when the audience wasn't convulsed when the old maid was introduced as a butt for some cheap comedian's wit? And what is there about the average spinster that is funny? Pathetic she is sometimes, with her lonely little shawl drawn about her meagre shoulders, but under it beats a heart as big and human as yours or mine. Or she is pretty, with the independence of her life and latch key. But, really, when you come to think of it, can you put a finger on the particular something that makes her funny?

Why doesn't some enterprising person start a school that would cover in its teachings the lack that this article bemoans—the field of the funmaker? Why it is to laugh, and when? Teach us, good schoolmaster, first how to tell when anything is funny.

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elbow. And what is she? Is she really a great lady? Is she a duchess?"

"She's a princess!"

"A what?" shouted Hegarty.

"You heard what I said, Dan, old chap," said Darrell. "Keep cool, because I've come to tell you all that has happened since I last talked the matter over with you, as I want your advice. You told me then to go in and win, but the course of true love is rarely smooth, it is said, and I think it is bound to run a great deal rougher when one falls in love with a princess."

"Well, I'm blowed," exclaimed Hegarty, leaning back in his chair and sending a huge volume of smoke into the already dense atmosphere. "But this bates Banagher, and Banagher bates the divil. A rale princess!"

"A real princess, Dan."

"But you've seen her, talked to her?"

"Yes."

"And you're still madly in love with her?"

"I am."

"Well, I'm sorry I told you to go in and win. What chance have you of coortin' her? Give her up, my boy, because it's no use botherin' your head when you can't stand the ghost of a chance. They say somethin' or other hedges in kings—I was never good at quotations—but whatever it is you may bet your life they've got it round the princesses too. Give her up, my boy, and forget her."

"I can't give her up, and I can't forget her."

"But what chance have you of gettin' her to care for you?"

"She loves me."

"Oh, be Jabers, now, don't be an omadhaun, Darrell. A sensible man of the world like you too. Don't run away with the notion, that because you're in love with her that she's in love with you."

"I'm certain of it, Dan," said Darrell quietly; "she has told me so."

"She! She!—the Princess! She tould you so?" Dan always fell into the thickest of brogues when excited.

"Yes. She confessed that she loved me."

"But, Holy Moses, man, they'd never let a princess marry a man in your position."

"She knows that perfectly well; we both know it."

"Well, then, there's an end of it."

"No. The princess wishes to relinquish her title and position so that she can marry me."

"Well, of all the extraordinary things I've ever heard of, this takes the cake. Why there's been nothin' like it since St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of Oireland. Why man, I rack my brains to churn out romantic love stories at that desk over there for cuckle-headed editors, and if I thought of anything half as extraordinary as you're telling me, I'd be afraid to write it, because the editors would set it down as improbable. And yet you sit there and tell me this extraordinary yarn as coolly as though you were asking me to go down Fleet street to have a tonic at the Cheese."

"I am telling you what has happened," said Darrell, smiling. "It is a bare statement of fact, and in making it I see no use in getting excited."

"I suppose I must set it down to your bein' a cold-blooded Saxon. But, Lord, Lord, I never heard the like of it before."

"Well, Dan, now that your wild Irish blood and hot brain have had a chance of cooling, will you try and not excite yourself and listen to 'Chapter II' of my romance? It is by no means ended yet, in fact it is only begun, and you may be able to help me to that happy ending which you inkslingers know every one likes best."

"I'll say no more. I'll listen. But of all the——"

"I thought you were going to listen, Dan."

"All right, old chap. Fire away."

"You remember how I first met the Princess, Dan——"

"You're a bad story teller, Darrell," interrupted Hegarty. "When you first met her, you didn't know she was a princess?"

"But I do now," said Darrell, "and I must tell you my story in my own way. I met her, you remember, accidentally in the Green park, and I mistook her for Miss Howard——"

"The cat?"

"To whom I was engaged," continued Darrell, ignoring the ejaculation. "I made the mistake because of the extraordinary resemblance between them."

"A mere chance likeness. I daresay if you saw them together, there wouldn't be a bit of resemblance between 'em."

"Miss Howard is in London. I've seen her several times. I've seen her and spoken to her about half an hour ago—and I can assure you the resemblance is extraordinary. Well I met the Princess, still unaware of her identity, the following morning in the Green park. She arranged another meeting. When we met next, she told me who she was—Princess Alicia of Alsenburg, the daughter and only child of the reigning prince; and the old lady who was with her when I first met her in the Green park is her chaperon, the Duchess of Saxenhagen."

Hegarty gave vent to a long and low whistle which indicated a depth of surprise beyond the power of words to express.

"The Princess knows that her father's consent to her marriage with me is utterly out of the question—indeed I know so little about such matters that I am quite ready to believe that it is in the power of some other European courts to intervene to prevent it—and therefore the only way that seems possible is for her to renounce all the privileges of her birth. So far as I am concerned it will be the happiest day of my life if I take her friendless and penniless to my heart and call her my wife."

Darrell paused, but Hegarty had no inspiration to improve on the situation. All he could say was a bold—

"Go on!"

"The next incident, although not in strict order of rotation, was a visit to my studio with which Miss Howard favored me. Her object was to ask me to release her from her engagement to me, which of course I did."

"Gladly?" added Hegarty.

"Well, yes, I think so," assented Darrell. "That evening the Princess and I went to the Queen's Hall, because Miss Howard was singing there, and she wished to see her double. Almost at the moment of Miss Howard's appearance the Princess caught sight of some one in the hall whose presence frightened her, and we left immediately. She had seen her father's step-brother, the Grand Duke Frederic of Alsenburg.

"He apparently did not see the Princess, or else was not concerned to ascertain the reason of her presence, for we saw no more of him; and I escorted the Princess and her maid to Claringer's Hotel where they are staying. The next incident—which struck me as peculiar at the time, and I confess upset me, although I do not know what importance to attach to it—happened today. Outside Prince's restaurant, I met Miss Howard with a gentleman. She spoke to me, the gentleman, of course, giving way. She asked me to have tea with her mother and herself tomorrow afternoon. I promised to go. Then as we were parting, she asked me if I knew the gentleman who was with her. He was a stranger to me and I said so. Then she told me, and it sounded like a boast, that he was Duke Frederic. Even then I might not have attached much importance to it, had she not added 'a relative, you know, of your new sweetheart, the Princess.' That staggered me, but she waited to say no more. The next moment she had gone into Prince's with him."

Hegarty gave vent to another whistle. This time it was longer, louder, and of higher pitch.

"And now, Dan, that you know all that's happened, what is your opinion of it all, and what is your advice."

"Begorra, it's beyond me," said Hegarty rubbing his chin meditatively and letting his pipe go out, which was a sure sign with him of extreme mental absorption. "I never thought anything like that happened in rale life. If I were to attempt to come to the bottom of it all, I should have to piece it out like the plot of a novel."

"Well, do that," suggested Darrell. "Try and come to a probable conclusion anyhow."

"All right, then, I'll have a thy. In the first place there's the princess; she's the heroine. Then there's Minnie Howard—the cat—she's the adventuress; and then there's the Gran' Jook; he's the villain."

"But surely," interrupted Darrell, "you're working out a melodrama."

"Every novel that's worth it's salt must have backbone in it. Melodrama is the backbone of life; only it's not the fashion to make up for the story nowadays, and so the writers pad out their pages with wake epigrams which no one says in rale life."

"All right, Dan, old chap, fire away. You know best."

"Well, we start with the two women. One wants to give up everything for love; she'd live in a cottage on spuds and butthermilk to be with the man of her choice The other is a scheming, avaricious, ambitious cat, who would thry to be Pope of Rome if a woman had any chance of the job. The Jook, you may take it for granted, is up to some divilment of his own. Perhaps he wants to oust the prince, for they're always up to somehin' of the sort on the continent."

"As a matter of fact, I believe you are, to a large extent, right as regards the duke," said Darrell, "for I have gathered from the princess that he is the prime mover in most of the troubles in Alsenburg."

"Then you may take it that the Jook and the cat are in league."

"Well, then, how could you work it out?"

Hegarty rubbed his chin more briskly.

"I'm blowed if I know," said he, "for I'm not well up in that kind of thing. But—I'm damned if I haven't got it. If it were a novel, and I wanted to have a happy ending—and you must have a happy ending nowadays—if you want the book to sell—do you know what I'd do?"

"Of course I don't," laughed Darrell. "That's what I've come here for; to find out. Only I may say that a happy ending, however it can be secured, is exactly what I want."

"Then I'd tell you what I'd do. I'd go to the cat—to Minnie Howard—"

"I am going to her—tomorrow afternoon to tea."

"I'd go to her, and I'd say: 'Minnie, you're as ambitious as the divil. You'd sell your soul for money, and you'd give your eyes out to have a big position. Now, I can put it in your way to have the proudest position on earth by just doin' as I tell you, and you can have as much money as even your mercenary heart would desire.' Then she'd fall on your neck and say: 'Oh, Philip, tell me how all this can be done?' Then you'd say, 'I know a princess as like you as two peas—in appearance only. For she's got a good heart, and you've got a bad one; she's straight, and you couldn't be anythin' but crooked if you thried. Now, she's tired of being princess, and she wants to chuck it. You take her place, and there you are—Your very highest ambition is achieved! There's my plan if it was a novel. Minnie—the cat—would go to Alsenburg and be a princess, and the real princess would go with you to a nice little flat and live happy ever after. What do you think of it?"

"I don't know, Dan. It's too big an order to decide on off-hand. I only know this: that the princess would gladly agree to it; that Minnie would, I am sure, jump at it; and that it seems feasible; but there's the grand duke. He knows the princess, and he knows Minnie."

"Yes, he's the complication," assented Hegarty, "but, although I mortally detest Minnie—"

"That's rather obvious, Dan; you never concealed that from the first."

"I knew her before you did. Besides which, I always knew her, and you never did. But although I don't like her—"

"Ah, that's better."

"Although I never did like her, she's a clever divil, and I'd back her to outwit fifty grand jooks."

CHAPTER XVI.

A Court Intrigue.

Miss Howard lived with her mother in one of the turnings off Campden Hill. The neighborhood is quiet, and more or less of an artistic colony, so that it was in every way suitable for a vocalist who took her profession seriously and made a specialty of German and Russian selections.

On the morning following her meeting with Darrell outside Prince's, Miss Howard learned with satisfied composure that her mother elected to remain in her room that day. She was not unwell, but she feared to invite a reopening of the discussion which her daughter had sprung on her the night she returned from her success at the Queen's Hall. In justice to Minnie, it must be confessed that it was the knowledge of the true cause of her mother's decision which enabled her to accept it with so much composure; had she any reason to suspect that illness was the cause, her attitude would have been very different, for the two passions which animated her were ambition and love for her mother.

Mrs. Howard's indisposition was very convenient on this particular occasion, as Minnie was expecteing two visitors, neither of whom did she wish her mother to meet. The morning was booked on her engaged list to "G. F. A."—which she understood to mean Grand Duke Frederic of Alsenburg, but the afternoon was frankly allotted to Philip Darrell.

It was only with a vague notion of their playing a part in the forthcoming interview that it occurred to her to bring her large stock of professional photographs into prominence; but vague as the notion was, she acted on it—as she always did, in fact, on an impression, being a firm believer in what she termed her luck—and consequently on mantel, sideboard, cabinet and piano, there was a profusion of her photographs, in many of which she was taken in company with some member of the concert party with which, at the time, she was engaged.

She dutifully spent an hour with her mother in her bed room reading to her the tit-bits from the morning papers, and then as it was approaching the hour fixed for Duke Frederic's appearance she came downstairs.

His highness was very punctual, and was at once shown into the studio where Miss Howard awaited him.

"You set Englishmen a much needed example in punctuality, Duke," said she, coming forward to meet him with outstretched hands.

"Nationality, I am sure, has little to do with it when Miss Howard is the hostess," said the Duke, bending over her hand with a courtly bow. Minnie indicated a chair and the Duke sat down, but as he did so his eyes wandered over the display of photographs.

"Ah, Duke," said she gaily, "you convict me of vanity. As they used to sing in one of the burlesques:

'I've been photographed like this,
I've been photographed like that.'

They are all photographs of myself."

The Duke accepted the words as a permission to inspect them, and as he rose for the purpose he said—

"I should not call it vanity in any case. But whatever it is, I do not think you are quite accurate, Miss Howard. Some of the photographs are of the sterner sex."

"Oh, but I am prominent in all of them," she laughed, "the men are only for purposes of relief."

"Happy the men who can be so useful," said he, with a smile intended to convey much, but which Minnie nailed at once as counterfeit.

"This is Filmer the tenor. We toured the South Coast with a concert party, and sang together in Love's Awaking."

"An opera?"

"No, a song-cycle. This is Bursted our baritone; and this is young—oh, I forget his name. He was very civil to us at Portsmouth. Took us out in his trap, and motor, and on his yacht. He begged me to be photographed, with him as a souvenir. Of course I didn't mind; But suppose he gets engaged; the girl may come across it and be jealous."

"And suppose you get engaged!"

"Yes, it would prove awkward, wouldn't it, if my fiance were jealous and unreasonable."

"But no one could be unreasonable with you, Miss Howard, however jealous they might be. I should be greatly favored if you would give me a few of your photographs as a souvenir of the honor you have done me by allowing me to call."

"Certainly, Duke, I shall be delighted, if you would really care to have them."

"I shall value and treasure them, I assure you."

"Very well. There are a few here that I like and keep for presentation."

She opened a drawer in a cabinet as she spoke, and took out half-a-dozen photographs, each of which was different from the others and handed them to the Duke. They lay so ready at hand that it almost seemed as though she had anticipated the request.

The Duke took them with a profuse expression of thanks, but a faint scowl flitted across his features as he examined them. Minnie was watching for it, and smiled with satisfaction as she noted it. The cause of the chagrin he had endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to hide, was that across each photograph was written in a bold hand, "Yours sincerely, Minnie Howard."

"They are amongst the most successful photographs I've had taken. Don't you think so."

"Yes, they are indeed, excellent. And they furnish an illustration of the maxim that the appetite grows by what it feeds on. Do you know that I should like to have a few more photographs—contrasting ones. A few of those in which your beauty is heightened by the contrast with another figure. That one, for instance." And he pointed to the photograph in which Minnie was represented seated on a chair, while the "chap from Bornemouth," whose name she could not remember, was leaning over the back. "Oh, but Duke that would be the photograph of a man and, a complete stranger."

"But the man, the complete stranger, merely heightens the effect of the composition as a whole by contrast with you. Beside, my principal reason is that your photograph in this instance is most successful. Will you give it to me? I should like it very much."

Minnie looked at him for moment, laughing quietly.

"Can't you see one very serious reason, Duke, why I cannot give it to you?"

"I really cannot," replied the Duke with a smile. "It is a matter in which, I suppose, you can please yourself."

"But one must thing of the consequences, Duke," said she with playful solemnity. "Why, if you were to take that back to Alsenberg it might fall into the hands of someone who would think it was a photograph of the Princess and some secretly favored admirer, and then what a pretty kettle of fish there'd be."

"You have the gift of wizardry," exclaimed the Duke in a tone in which vexation rather than compliment was conveyed.

"Don't you think, Duke," suggested Minnie calmly, "that we might consider the overture as played, and now get on with the piece. It is a waste of time for two such people as you and I to waste time in cross-purposes."

"I don't understand you, Miss Howard," and the Duke seemed inclined to entrench himself behind his dignity.

"We came fairly near an understaning in the tea shop," she pursued in the same even tone, "and took it more or less for granted that we did understand one another, at Prince's. The basis of the understanding is that we both are ambitious. Your ambition soars to a throne——"

The Duke started, but Minnie did not appear to notice it, and did not stop.

"Mine," she went on, "is more vague, but much can be done for any one by a reigning Prince."

"But I really cannot see how, assuming your assumption were correct, you can assist me, Miss Howard."

"No," she assented cheerfully. "I am quite powerless, quite helpless, quite useless to you in any such design."

The Duke nodded his acquiescence. "Quite as powerless, helpless and useless," she continued, "as a sword. But how powerful, helpful and useful a sword becomes in the hands of warrior! Eh, Duke!" And Minnie artistically stifled the faintest symptom of a yawn.

The Duke felt that he had never before met such a masterful woman, and yet every indication of power that she gave was cloaked under the seductiveness of an unaffected girlish manner. He had the uncomfortable conviction that he was showing his hand to her, while she was able to conceal her cards. It was a game he was not accustomed to play. But he would not as yet, admit defeat.

"Your meaning is quite clear, Miss Howard. You mean that you are a sword which, in my hands, may be useful in carrying out my designs."

"Probably, Duke," said she assentingly, "in effecting them."

"May I ask how?"

"It is surely for you, Duke, to make your own plans, but I have no objection to telling you the one important way in which you hope to use me."

"And that is, Miss Howard?"

"By utilizing my great resemblance to the Princess for your own purposes."

The Duke tugged at his moustache and was gloomily silent for a few moments. He had a great power of reticence, which in diplomacy is useful, but he was not gifted with quickness of thought.

"Suppose, Miss Howard," said he at length, "that you are correct in assuming that I may be able to turn the chance of resemblance you bear to the Princess——"

"Let us call it simply the resemblance, Duke," interposed Minnie.

"Very well, then—the resemblance. Suppose I can turn it to advantage may I rely on your assistance?"

"Yes, Duke, but only on one condition."

"What is your one condition, Miss Howard?"

"That you frankly take me into your confidence. I need hardly point out to you that it is necessary if I am to be really useful to you."

"I agree to that condition. And now what are the terms?"

"I should require a position in the Alsenburg court which would justify the resemblance I bear to the royal family. I do not quite see at the moment how this is to be done, but if you agree to this in principle it will be sufficient. We can help each other to make an arrangement which will be mutually satisfactory when we see how things turn out."

"Well, I agree to both your conditions and your terms, and now I can rely wholly on your assistance and co-operation."

"Certainly."

"I will at once put you to the test, then," said the Duke, a shade of triumph in his tone. "Let me have those photographs I asked you for."

"Certainly, when my condition is honorably observed."

"I don't understand you."

"Where is the full and frank confidence you are to repose in me? What do you mean to do with the photographs?"

"On my honor, I don't know. I only think they are very likely to prove useful."

"To approach any great design in such a manner, Duke, is to risk bungling the whole affair. I shall not be a party to anything of that kind."

The Duke flushed darkly. To be told to his face that he was conducting his scheme in a bungling fashion was a home-thrust he had never before experienced. He was very much inclined, even at the eleventh hour, to wash his hands of the alliance.

"It would be so easy to map out a clear and definite plan of action," pursued Minnie in her calm relentless tone of conviction, "to which we could each of us hold, and in which we could strengthen each others' hands."

"May I ask, Miss Howard, what you would propose?"

"I will endeavor to tell you," said she; "but I am handicapped by the fact that you have not revealed to me your aims. You will, at all events, assist me to the extent of admitting how far my assumptions are correct, I suppose?"

"Yes, I will do that," he agreed. "I trust I may soon be able to confide in you the matters which are outside the area in which you will be concerned."

"I am content to wait," she replied. "You will find that in a good well-matured scheme all the parts are so interdependent that it will be necessary I should know everything. However, to get to the more immediate matters. Your chief aim is to secure the throne of Alsenburg?"

The duke gave no sign of assent, but she did not pause for it.

"Everything, I have no doubt, pointed to success even some years ago. Delays, however, intervened and meanwhile the princess has grown into a young and lovely woman—"

"That is obvious," said the duke, with a burst of genuine mirth; "she is the exact counterpart of yourself."

Minnie also laughed heartily. Spontaneous mirth is a good solvent of difficulties in negotiations.

"I am afraid I was too much in earnest, duke," said she deprecatingly, "to notice the compliment I was paying myself by inference. However, compliment or no compliment, the princess has reached an age when marriage is a question which cannot be overlooked. That, duke, is what worries. An alliance with one of the powerful reigning families would prove an almost insurmountable bar to your aims. May I ask you now to acquiesce or to point out where I am wrong?"

"You are entirely right," said the duke hoarsely. "I will trust you because you can help me, and if you do, you can name your own reward. The princess must not marry."

Minnie smiled to herself as she thought of the visit Philip Darrell was to pay her that afternoon. If it only came within the bounds of possibility that the princess had fallen in love with him, that would be an alliance which would not be unpleasing to the duke, nor would it be more than poetic justice for the wrong that had been done her mother and herself.

"Who is the prince who is named as her—her fiance?"

"Prince Dietrich of Klausen, a favorite with the kaiser. The influence of Germany will be behind Alicia if they are betrothed and married, and then it would be useless my thinking of the throne. They are not yet engaged. Indeed, Princess Alicia"—Minnie made a mental note of the name, which she now heard for the first time—"is not herself aware that negotiations are commenced with this object in view. But I can only vaguely assume that your resemblance may be utilized in some manner. I cannot yet see how it is to be done. I wish Kaulmann were here. He would suggest a plan."

"Who is Kaulmann?"

"He is the court chancellor, but is heart and soul with me."

"I think the plan is very simple—with Kaulmann's help. Prince Dietrich will no doubt come to Alsenburg on an informal visit—"

"It is already arranged," said the duke with a scowl. And then his face lighting up with a sudden admiration, he added—"You seem to anticipate everything."

"I repeat, duke, it is very simple," said Minnie with a smile. "Every one who reads the newspapers knows the ways of courts, and they have always interested me. The prince will come ostensibly on an informal visit, but the real object will be to make the acquaintance of the Princess Alicia, so that it may be afterwards given out—for the gratification of the groundlings of all nations—that the match was one of pure affection."

"Exactly," said the duke, with a bitter laugh.

"All we have got to do is to induce Prince Dietrich to inform the kaiser that an alliance with the princess would be distasteful to him—"

The duke laughed sardonically. "Oh, yes," said he, "that is all; or to get the kaiser to refuse his consent; or to send Dietrich on an expedition to the North Pole and lose him, or—"

"Or a thousand and one other preposterous ways which it would be a waste of time to discuss. But what I have suggested can be done."

"No, no, Miss Howard," said the duke. "I thought you would suggest something much more practical. The princess is attractive, and Dietrich is one of the handsomest of the German princes. They are sure to be mutually attracted."

"You are forgetting Kaulmann," said Minnie.

"Kaulmann! What can he do?"

"As chancellor, it should be quite easy for him to arrange many meetings between the prince and the princess!"

"Of course, that is quite possible," said the duke.

"But the more meetings the greater the difficulties, I should say."

"But not—if I were the princess," said Minnie, quietly.

"If you—Himmel! I see. And you—"

"I am quite willing to do my best to send Prince Dietrich back to Germany quite convinced that an alliance with Princess Alicia is about the most undesirable thing on earth. With the chancellor's assistance I think it should be rather easy."

The duke rose excitedly from his chair and looked fixedly at her for a moment, his features working with intense excitement. He stretched out his hand involuntarily and took the hand which she calmly extended to him.

"Miss Howard, it was fate which brought us together. I believe you are destined to have a great influence on Alsenburg."

"I am quite convinced of it, duke," she concurred, returning the pressure of his hand by way of sealing the perfect understanding between them.

(To Be Continued.)

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him, at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

Civil War Survivors.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Many persons wonder that there are almost half a million surviving soldiers of the civil war, considering that it is 49 years since it began and 44 since it ended. The reason lies in the fact that it was a young man's war, as the following official statistics as to the age of men as they enlisted will show:

At the age of 10 and under.....	25
At the age of 12 and under.....	226
At the age of 14 and under.....	1,523
At the age of 16 and under.....	844,801
At the age of 18 and under.....	1,151,438
At the age of 21 and under.....	2,159,798
Twenty-two years of age and over	618,516

These figures include re-enlistments, of which there were almost 2,000,000, but it can easily be seen that this was practically a boys' war, since only a small percentage were 22 years of age and over, and these must, to a large extent, have enlisted previously. It is estimated that if the year 1863 be taken as a starting point, since it was the middle of the war, the average age of the soldier was about 22 years, which would make him 68 at the present. That is a fair age, but not old by any means, and it ought to be remembered that those who served through a campaign and came out fit showed virility which indicated a promise of living beyond the normal.

No Fear of John.

Tit-Bits.

Andrew Carnegie tells a good story:

"'I canna' leave ye thus, Nancy,' a good old Scotchman wailed. 'Ye're too auld to work, an' ye couldna' live in the almshouse. Gin I die, ye maun marry anither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age.'

"'Nay, nay, Andy,' answered the good spouse; 'I couldna' wed anither man, for what wad I do wi' twa husbands in Heaven?'

"Andy pondered over this, but suddenly his face brightened.

"'I ha'e it, Nancy!' he cried. 'Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, but he is na' a member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him, 'twill be all the same in Heaven. John's na Christian, and he's na likely to get there.'"

Queer Gardening.

Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, said the other day of a certain farmer:

"The woman's husband came home and found her poring over a seed catalogue. She had a long list of seeds written on a sheet of paper.

"'This is a list, my dear,' she said, 'that I want you to buy for me tomorrow at the seedman's.'

"Her husband looked at the list. Then he laughed loud and long.

"'You want these flowers to bloom this summer, don't you?' said he.

"'Yes, of course.'

"'Well, those you have put down here don't bloom till the second summer.'

"'Oh, that's all right,' the lady said, easily.

"'All right? How is it all right?'

"'I am making up my list,' she explained, 'from a last year's catalogue.'"

Not an Office to Covet.

Baltimore American.

"The President has, I see, just named a new governor of Alaska, some Washington newspaper man," said Mr. T. F. Barnes, of Seattle, at the Hotel Kernan.

"I don't know the new governor, and I wish him well, but I'd make a bet of a case of champagne against a bottle of beer that he will rue the day he ever accepted the job. There's trouble coming to him in gobs. No man has ever held that particular office who hasn't, for the better part of his incumbency, wished he were in purgatory for a change. The best man that ever lived, holding that commission, will get in hot water from the time he lands, and will be accused of every crime from horse stealing to infanticide. It was so with Governors Brady and Hoggatt, and their successors will fare no differently. Hoggatt, who has just resigned, was straight as a string and plucky as a bulldog, but he grew weary of the eternal hammering and was glad to get out. If I had a deep grudge against a man I'd want to see him made governor of Alaska.

PRESSED HARD

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in one of the southern states says:

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavour of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some one please tell me how to get rid of wild onions?—K., Middleport, Ohio.

I want a remedy for hog lice. I have a pig that is covered with them. Who will help me?—J., East Pansanfield, Me.

My white leghorn hens have been laying since last November, but a short time ago they commenced to bleed at the bowels. Will some reader tell me what is the matter and give me a remedy?—W., Salem, W. Va.

LITTLE RED ANTS

If B., Williston, Ohio, will try my way she will have no more trouble from little red ants. They worried me greatly every summer by getting into my cupboard, and I tried everything was recommended. Then I hit upon fly paper, and that did the business. Put half a sheet of the paper under each leg or foot of cupboard and I guarantee the ants will not get over it.—Mrs. C., New Lexington, Ohio.

B., Willston, Ohio: Buy five cents worth of tartar emetic, put one-half of it in a bottle and fill part full of water. A bottle that will hold one-half pint will do. Tie a string around the neck of the bottle and hang it up in the cupboard or in the pantry and if there are any ants there they will soon disappear. The bottle must be left without a cork. I took this recipe from The Toledo Weekly Blade many years ago. I have never known it to fail. I have given it to several others to try, and they all say it does the business. Keep the stuff away from the small children, for it is very poisonous.—C., Waterloo, N. Y.

Here is my method of keeping red aunts out of the cupboard: Take a tin vessel or fruit jar top, fill with lamp oil and place one under each leg of the cupboard. Be sure that the cupboard does not touch the wall.—L., Honkins, Va.

DIRT-EATING HORSE

Don't know how you can stop your horse from eating dirt, but you can let him eat all he wants to, I am not sure that all horses eat it, but a great many do and cattle also. I once drove a pair of oxen in a sugar bush where a heap of dirt had rattled down from the roots of an upturned tree and being sheltered from rain by the root was dry and fine. My oxen stopped every time they came to the place and perhaps ate a bushel in the course of the sugar season. Clean clay from the sub-soil is chosen mostly, dark vegetable earth is not so good.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

CHERRY TREES

To drive rusty nails into an apple tree is one thing, into a cherry tree is another. In the latter case you may start a flow of gum that will injure or kill the tree.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

SPRAYING RASPBERRIES

Anthrocnose is one of the most serious troubles the raspberry grower meets, and it often injures the crop 50 per cent before it is realized what the disease is and how far the destruction has advanced. It attacks the canes, which become cracked, scaled and discolored about the lower part. Canes so affected cannot produce healthy, well-developed fruit. The juices of the cane are so sapped that it often dies prematurely and, of course, gives no sap to the growth of the fruit.

It is well to watch the vines. When a hill is found to be affected, destroy it by digging it out and burning it entirely. If left unhindered the disease will gradually spread until the whole patch is affected.

The best treatment is to spray with Bordeaux mixture, first removing all rubbish from around the roots so that the fungicide may reach as low as possible on the canes. This does much good, although it cannot be justly claimed as an unfailing remedy.

If the new vines are only three or four years old and not badly affected, it will pay you to spray them. This, preferably, should be done in the fall after the old wood is removed. Again, and more important, apply before growth starts in the spring, and again, after bloom, in the fall. With this cut out all canes badly infected.

If the field is old—has been a berry patch for seven or eight years—dig it up and put something else in its place. Do not plant raspberries in the same land again for some years. The mineral substances in the soil conducive to berry growth are exhausted after a time if the ground is not well worked and fertilized.

STOCK SUGAR BEETS

It has been clearly demonstrated by many practical and scientific experiments that green feeds are very valuable for all live stock, furnishing actual food values, aiding digestion, toning the system and promoting general health. Chickens lay more eggs, pigs grow faster and cows give more milk in summer than at any other season, mainly because they have access to green feeds. Green feeds are an aid to perfect digestion and assimilation. They contain a high water content and vegetable juices which not only help to dissolve heavier, concentrated foods, but also act as carriers in the animal system.

On every diversified farm where poultry, pigs, cows and other animals are kept, from half an acre to an acre or more of stock sugar beets, mangel wurtzels, carrots and like green roots should be given for winter feeds. They are comparatively easy grown in nearly all sections of the country and yield high—many tons to the acre. They can be stored in the cellar or pit or even kept covered with straw or hay in a warm barn.

The feeding of stock sugar beets in winter, when all other green feeds are gone, makes almost summer conditions with the animals to which they are fed. Poultry, pigs, horses and sheep relish them and thrive when they constitute even only a small part of the regular rations. Where no silage is used they are one of the very best light, supplementary feeds that can be given to dairy cows during the period when they are off pasture. They are a splendid feed for maintaining and increasing the quantity of milk yield, and tend to give cream and butter the color and aroma of summer.

THE LONGEVITY OF SEEDS

A study has been made of a large number of seeds ranging from fresh seeds to those known to be sixty or more years old, to determine their germination, according to A. J. Ewart, in the proceedings of the Royal Society of Victoria. In all more than 3,000 tests were made, embracing many species and genera. The results of the tests are given in alphabetical lists, and with these are incorporated all the previous records that the author was able to verify or correct. In summarizing the tabulated results, the author divided seeds into three biological classes, according to their duration of life under optimal conditions. These are short-lived or microbiotic seeds whose duration does not exceed three years, mesobiotic seeds which may last three to fifteen years, and macrobiotic seeds which may last from 15 to over 100 years. In an appendix Miss Jean White gives an account of experiments in which she found that hard seeds which are incapable of imbibing water owe their failure to take up water to the presence of a cuticular layer, and that when this is removed or penetrated either by mechanical means or the action of acids, the seeds swell rapidly, and if their vitality is sufficient, germinate quickly. It is claimed that Becquerel's conclusions that the impermeability of the coats of macrobiotic seeds as a gradual result of their aging are incorrect. The impermeability is due to the presence of a cuticle developing during ripening, and its presence or absence determines whether a seed will or will not have a long life in the soil, but not whether it will have long life when preserved in dry air. Macrobiosis is the result of a biological adaptation of the protoplasm, in which an impermeable cuticle plays a merely accessory or aiding part.

WHEAT AS FEED

Many people do not feed their hens wheat simply because it is higher in price than oats or corn. The feeding of high priced feed to laying hens may or may not be profitable according to the man, his methods, and his flock. However, there are few other general feeds for laying hens better than wheat. With a flock well taken care of otherwise wheat can be fed with profit. This grain at 90 cents a bushel is 1½ cents a pound, and with good methods a pound of wheat ought to produce at least two eggs, which at average market prices would be more than double the cost of the wheat. Profits in egg production do not depend so much upon the cost of feeds, but upon the amount of eggs a given feed will produce under normal conditions.

Wheat is proportionately rich in protein and mineral matter for the formation of eggs, and is also composed of a fair proportion of starch for producing heat and energy. Wheat fed to hens should be scattered in a deep litter of straw so that they must exercise in securing it and not eat it too fast.

Dry grain feed for fowls is to be commended instead of soft feeds for the simple reason that the birds have very strong grinding organs for reducing hard feeds. The function of the gizzard is for hard grinding, and it seems that the harder the foods are the more active the organs become and the healthier and more productive the fowl is.

JUNE WORK IN GARDEN

Pinch back grape shoots, thus throwing sap into the clusters. Bag a few grapes. Mulch sweet peas, or they will dry early and cease blooming early. Best of all is a living mulch, such as eschscholtzia, petunia, portulacca, sweet alyssum or parsley. Pick the sweet pea blososms every day.

At the end of June root strawberry runners. Peg the new ones down, or place a stone behind the plantlet. If placed in a pot set in the ground, you gain much in transplanting later.

For the plants' sake, be sure to cut off lilac seed, after they have bloomed.

Prune shrubs as soon as bloom ceases, insuring new wood and flower buds. Don't wait until next spring, when you'll probably will cut off much of the spring blooming possibilities. Layer shrubs to increase stock.

Give cucumbers and squashes plenty of liquid manure and soapsuds from the kitchen. Sprinkle thoroughly. Don't give vegetation a "lick and a promise;" it's better to soak heavily twice a week than to moisten superficially.

Put up strings, trellises or other supports for morning glories, nasturtiums, coceas and other runners.

Transplant flower seedlings and water well; sift with a goodly lump of soil and place in new spot, after making soil fine and moist. Do the transplanting after sundown.

In thinning either vegetables or flowers, be cruel, to be kind. This poppy bed or border; you ought to have one; if you have not, thin other annuals, give them lots of room—it pays to do so.

Pinch back the growths of hardy chrysanthemums to get bushy plants full of bloom.

Let the asparagus bed run to foliage; clip tops as soon as worms appear, and fertilize (manure or commercial).

Set out celery in trenches; use surplus plants as a salad. Water freely.

Throw vegetables waste of all kinds in compost heap. Nip or sickle back tomatoes. You want fruit, not foliage. Cultivate steadily; hoe, rake, then hoe some more. Hoeing is more of a tonic than fertilizers.

Watch closely for insect pests—currant worms, caterpillars and so on. Keep down rhubarb stalks. Burn corn smut as soon as it shows on tassel or ear.

Pick roses freely; never let seed pods start, or blooms will be checked. Put soot about the roses.

Sow lettuce, carrots, etc., at the end of the month, in the vegetable garden for succession, and endives for late crop.

Get lima beans properly started up the poles; if necessary, tie them up till they start.

Remove cover boxes from early-planted melons.

Make last sewing of radishes early in June. Then wait until late in August.

Don't let the ground lie idle. When the early crops have yielded, clear the space and plant something else.

Celery is a good crop to follow peas.

Transplant late cabbage before the plant gets too large, and plant on as rich and deep soil as you have.

Fertilize melons and similar plants, but do it very lightly; they won't stand heavy doses.

Sow rutabaga.

Scatter fertilizer on the lawn—dissolved bone or guano—just before a shower.

Cut out surplus canes from the blackberries. Pinch young canes to induce branching. Tie up raspberries.

Keep the spring-set strawberry beds well cultivated and free from weeds.—Indianapolis News.

RAISE GOOD CHICKENS

The demand for good chickens and their products is increasing every year, regardless of the fact that the yearly poultry products of the nation amount to more than any other single crop, either animal, vegetable or mineral. That chickens are valuable and well liked is attested by the fact that a very large proportion of people in towns and cities keep and breed them. That they are increasing in value and popular favor is shown by the fact that a single hen sold recently for the enormous sum of $5,000. We are told that this hen is actually worth the price paid for her, that she could be sold for that sum again, and that if her superior could be produced she would bring still more money.

We have never known a good breeder of chickens who could not dispose of his stock at prices far above the market. Almost every good and reliable breeder of poultry has a greater demand for stock and eggs than he can supply, if he lets people know that he has them. But, mind you, these are the good ones. Some people advertise who have only common stock. Such do not last long in the business. The public soon finds out who the good and reliable poultry men are and send to them for stock and eggs.

The

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine,

MANUFACTURED BY THE
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE

ANT WORTH MILLIONS

Can Be Used to Remove San Jose Scale.

There is a strong possibility that the common black ant will be in great demand among fruit growers before long. Experiments of Professor Harlan, of California, show that the common black ant can be used to remove San Jose scale and other insect pests with wonderful results. Fruit growers in the Lake Erie peach belt who pay hundreds of dollars every year, spraying their trees with lime and sulphur and other compounds, will no doubt give the insects a trial.

The method is simple. Putting a little sugar or maple syrup on a large platter, the fruit grower has little trouble in recruiting a large number of ants in a short time in the vicinity of any orchard. As soon as the platter is well covered with ants, it is set in the forks of a tree, from where the insects set out on a thorough hunting trip to all parts, from the remotest leaf to the base of the trunk. Experts say the scheme will be worth millions to fruit growers.

Mastering a Lion.

"Show a lion that you are his master and he will be submissive; once permit him to get the notion that you fear him and his antipathy will increase," says Frank C. Bostock, the famous animal trainer. In illustration of the lengths to which owners of wild beasts will go in order to retain control of them, Bostock tells the following story:

"Some years ago when we were at the Hippodrome in Paris, I decided as a special attraction to go into the arena with 'Wallace,' a huge African lion that all our trainers had despaired of. The house was crowded. We placed the lion in a cage 16 feet square, and this was put inside a 20-foot ring. Two assistants were stationed in the outer ring in case of accident. I had scarcely got inside when the beast leaped at me. It bit right through my left hand, and with one blow ripped the flesh off my back. 'Clear out!' I shouted to the two men in the outer ring. 'I am going to open the doors and let him into the big arena.' I was as furious as the lion. My pride as a trainer was wounded deeper than my back. I flung open the door, and the lion sprang out. The blood was pouring from my wounds, but in the excitement of the moment I felt no pain—only a mad desire to be master. I picked up a 'property' chair and when the beast came again I struck it full across the muzzle, then, seizing actually became the aggressor. The audience was in something like a panic, and loud cries of 'Enough! Enough!' were raised. But I hadn't finished. In ten minutes I had subjugated 'Wallace' to such an extent that he cowered like a dog. I got out of the cage and fainted away. From that day to this no one has attempted to teach 'Wallace.'"

Mexico as a Cattle Country.

Houston Post.

"Mexico is fast becoming the great cattle country of the American continent, and northern Mexico is the ideal cattle country of Mexico," said G. B. McDermott, of Nacozari, who was in Houston yesterday. "As the farmers and sheepmen have forced the cattlemen of the great southwest of the United States to move their ranges, they are naturally seeking the most favorable localities, and northern Mexico seems to appeal more forcibly to them than any other section. Cattle are being moved rapidly into Mexico from the United States, and the cattlemen of Mexico are now paying more attention to their herds than formerly, with the result that an excellent quality of beef is being built up in the republic."

Why Men Wear Trousers.

Providence Journal.

No living man of this age ever deliberately chose to "adopt trousers." He was forced into them and all other eccentricities of dress by woman. In the very earliest sartorial experience of every man he is swathed in a queer bundle of incoherent bandages by a woman. Later she puts him into cute little dresses, so that the neighbors can't tell him from his little sister. Still later she cuts off his curls and puts him into knickerbockers, and he puts on "long pants" when she gives the word and not before. That is all that man has to do or ever had to do with wearing trousers. Woman forced him into them in the first place, and now he is afraid to wear anything else for fear of making a sensation.

Philippine Pigs.

Army and Navy Journal.

Army officers partaking of Filipino meals should know that the natives make great preparations for the killing of a pig. When the owners are ready to kill, the pig is taken upstairs into the kitchen, where it lives luxuriously on boiled rice, is bathed every day, and prepared for slaughter like a sacrificial victim. "If you are personally acquainted with a pig of this sort and know the day set for its decease," says one writer, "you may send your servant out to buy fresh pork, otherwise you had better stick to chicken and fish. This advice is given because of the tendency of the native to turn his 'rooters' into scavengers."

New Hampshire's Record.

Kennebec Journal.

In speaking of the recent death of Gov. Lilley, of Connecticut, the Manchester Union tells us that no governor of New Hampshire has ever died in office. This is true, not only of the governors since the adoption of the constitution of 1784, but of the provincial governors as well. Probably the record is one without a parallel among the older states of the Union.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

GARDEN OF EDEN

Will the Bureau please give the location of the Garden of Eden?—C. H. S., Schloss, W. Va.

The location of the Garden of Eden completely baffles conjecture. The three continents of the old world have been subjected to the most rigorous search; no locality which in the slightest degree corresponded to the description of the first abode of the human race has been left unexamined. Different allegorical theories have been taught by several persons as to the location of the Garden of Eden. Luther said that Eden was guarded by angels from discovery and consequent profanation until the Deluge, when all traces were destroyed. The account given in Genesis of the situation of Eden is not such as to enable us to identify it with any existing locality. It is said to have had a garden in the eastern part of it, and we are told that the river went out of Eden to water this garden, and from thence it was parted into four heads, which were called respectively Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates (Phrat). The Pison is said to compass the whole land of Havilah; the Gihon that of Ethiopia (Cush), and the Hiddekel to go toward the east of Assyria. Of the rivers mentioned, the Phrat of the original seems to have been correctly identified with the Euphrates, and the name Hiddekel appears elsewhere in the Scripture to be applied to the Tigris; but it is impossible to say what rivers or places were meant by the names Pison, Gihon, Havilah and Cush.

IDAHO

Please tell what you can about the climate of Idaho? Is the land good?—J. W., Pierceville, Ind.

The upper levels of the state have the severe winters of the northern latitudes. The abundant moisture causes heavy snowfalls. The lower parts of the state and the sheltered valleys have a very agreeable and equable climate. In the southern part the rainfall is light and the soil arid, but in the mountainous regions rain is abundant, and agriculture can be carried on without irrigation. But the soil here is sandy and clayey, making agriculture less profitable than ranching. In the mountains, valleys and along the rivers, where irrigation can be brought into play, and the soil from lava decomposition is exceedingly rich, production is abundant. The chief crop of the state is hay, while wheat, oats and barley are also important products. Also much fruit is raised. Stock is extensively raised, nearly half of the state being devoted to pasture, but the long and severe winters and deep snows make it precarious and costly in the sections best adapted to it, and the northern packers and draftmen generally winter their stock and draft animals in the Snake and adjoining valleys, where they live and forage in the winter.

COLORADO LAND OFFICES

Please give the locations of the Colorado land offices.—E. F. C., Hulett, Wyo.

The land offices in Colorado are at Del Norte, Denver, Durango, Glenwood Springs, Hugo, Lamar, Leadville, Montrose, Pueblo and Sterling.

TENNESSEE GAME LAWS

Please give the game laws of Tennessee.—T. D. M., Sutherland, Tenn.

There is an open season for deer until October 1, 1911, except in Fentress county, where the open season is from December 1 to January 1. Open season for squirrel is from June 1 to March 1, with local exceptions. Open season for quail from November 15 to March 1, for grouse, prairie chicken and wild turkey from November 1 to March 1 with local exceptions concerning the the turkey. The open season for pheasants is from December 1 to January 1, for woodcock, duck, goose, swan, plover, snipe and rail from October 1 to April 15.

W. E. B., DUBOIS

Will you please give a sketch of the life of William E. B. Dubois?—R. R. M., Thurman, Iowa.

William Edward Burghardt Dubois, the educator, was born at Great Barrington, Mass., February 23, 1868. He was the lineal descendant of the Dubois family of Huguenots that settled in New York. His family is of African descent on both sides. He was educated in the public schools of Massachusetts, at Fisk university, Harvard university and the University of Berlin. He received degrees from each. He became teacher at Wilberforce university in 1894, and remained there for two years. He then became assistant in sociology at Pennsylvania university, which position he held until 1897. Mr. Dubois was then made professor of history and political economy at Atlanta university, where he now is. He has had published several writings concerning the negroes. He is said to have done more toward giving a scientific accuracy and method to the study of the race question than any other American. He was married in 1896 to the daughter of Charle Gomer.

MILITARY ACADEMY

Will you please tell what you can concerning the military academy at West Point?—F. C., Smithton, W. Va.

Each senator, congressional district and territory—also the District of Columbia and Porto Rico—is entitled to have one cadet at the academy. There are also 40 appointments at large, especially conferred by the President of the United States. The number of students is thus limited to 523.

Appointments are usually made one year in advance of the date of admission, by the secretary of war, upon the nomination of the senator or representative. These nominations may either be made after competitive examination or given direct, at the option of the representative. The representative may nominate two legally qualified second candidates, to be designated alternates. The alternates will receive from the war department a letter of appointment, to be examined with the regular appointee, and the best qualified will be admitted to the academy in the event of the failure of the principal to pass the prescribed preliminary examinations. Appointees to the military academy must be between 17 and 22 years of age, free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, English composition, English literature, arithmetic, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, descriptive geography and the elements of physical geography, especially the geography of the United States, United States history and the principles of physiology and hygiene.

The course of instruction, which is quite thorough, requires four years and is largely mathematical and professional. The principal subjects taught are mathematics, English, French, drawing, drill regulations of all arms of the service, natural and expierimental philosophy, chemistry, chemical physics, mineralogy, geology, electricity, history, international, constitutional and military law, Spanish, civil and military engineering, art and science of war and ordnance and gunnery. About one-fourth of those appointed usually fail to pass the preliminary examination, and but little over one-half the remainder are finally graduated. The discipline is very strict, even more so than in the army—and the enforcement of penalties for offenses is inflexible rather than severe. Academic duties begin September 1 and continue until June 1. Examinations are held in each December and June, and cadets found proficient in studies and correct conduct are given the particular standing in their class to which their merits entitle them, while those cadets deficient in either conduct or studies are discharged.

From about the middle of June to the end of August cadets live in camp, engaged only in military duties and receiving practical military instruction. Cadets are allowed but one leave of absence during the four years' course, and this is granted at the expiration of the first two years. The pay of a cadet is $600.50 per year, and with proper economy, is sufficient for his support. The number of students at the academy is usually about 470.

Upon graduating, cadets are commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States army. The whole number of graduates from 1802 to 1904, inclusive, has been 4,338. It is virtually absolutely necessary for a person seeking an appointment to apply to his senator or member of congress. The appointments by the President are usually restricted to sons of officers of the army and navy, who, by reason of their shifting residence, due to the necessities of the service, find it next to impossible to obtain an appointment otherwise.

THE VOTING MACHINE

Will you please describe the voting machine and how it is used?—J. L. S., Esquagamah, Minn.

There are several kinds of voting machines and we will only describe one of the most used. This machine has an upright keyboard, on which the party rows of candidates and keys therefor are arranged in horizontal lines of the offices transverse thereto. At the end of each party row a lever is provided by means of which all of the keys of that party row may be moved together to a voting position over the names of the candidates nominated that party; of the keys may be moved separately to a voting position over the names of the candidates for which the voter desires to vote. Before the voter can arrange his ticket he must enter the booth by closing the curtain around him to shield himself from the public, after which he pulls either a party lever for straight ticket voting or a releasing lever, to unlock the keys to enable him to prepare his ballot independently. The machine affords the voter an opportunity to cast a straight ballot ticket, to split his ticket, to correct mistakes, to vote for the candidates not in nomination and gives him all facilities to cast only a legal vote, which is sure to be counted as he indicates. Constitutional amendments and other questions can be voted on. By opening the curtain the voter counts his vote and sets the machine for the next voter. The total vote for each candidate and question is given at once at the close of the election. The machine is also equipped with lockouts which are operated by election officers to prevent particular voters from voting for offices or on questions on which they are not entitled to vote.

TANNING SKINS

Please tell me how to tan the skin of a colt.—W. A. B., Grinta, Colo.

An excellent plan for tanning any kind of skins with the fur on is to proceed as follows: Cut off all the useless parts, soak the skin in order to soften it, then remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak the skin in warm water for an hour. Next mix equal parts of alum, saltpeter and glauber salts (sulphate of soda), in the proportion of about ½ ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste. Spread this mixture with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts. Roll the skin up together without being allowed to boil, fold together again and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this, dissolve 4 ounces alum, 8 ounces salt and 2 ounces saleratus, in sufficient hot rain water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for 12 hours; then wring it out and hang it up to dry. When dry repeat this soaking and drying two or three times, till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sandpaper and pumice stone.

R. H. BARHAM

Please give a sketch of the life of Richard H. Barham.—P. G. S., Chemung, N. Y.

Richard Harris Barham, the English humorous writer, was born Decembe 6, 1788, and died June 17, 1845. He was ordained a clergyman and became in 1821 one of the minor canons of St. Paul's cathedral. He was then made a priest in ordinary of the chapel-royal, and later presented the rectory of two parishes. In 1837 he founded his literary fame by publishing the "Ingoldsby Legends," series of humorous tales in verse which achieved an immense success, having in a collective form, from 1840 onward, been published over and over again in various editions, with many "legends" added to the original number. Though a brilliant member of society and ranking with the distinguished wits of the day, he never neglected his more serious duties as a clergyman. His life was written by his son.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. L., Jonesboro, Tenn.:—We know nothing concerning E. W. Warren, the editor.

W. P. A., Snowflake, Va.:—Silver money can be redeemed in gold.

R. T. D., Brashears, Va.:—We know no one by the name of Rupert Wells.

C. B. T., Gould, W. Va.:—The new year comes in at 12 p. m. every time.

E. L. Y., Farmington, Ky.:—The White House was first occupied in 1800, and was built of freestone painted white from which fact it got its name.

C. M., Sarah, W. Va.,—We cannot give area of Blennerhassett island.

A Stroke of Fortune.

Youth's Companion.

It was a murky day in August, and the old sea captains were talking of a schooner which had been struck by lightning a few days before, and adding their contributions to nautical fiction, thinly disguised as fact. "How about the Emma S., Capt. Eli?" asked the privileged listener at last. "Wasn't she struck once?"

"She was, sir," and Capt. Eli fixed his gaze on a crack in the ceiling of the old wharf office. "She was, indeed, off the Cape; homeward bound, she was."

"I'd like to hear the particulars," said the young man, and all the captains moved in their seats and fixed their eyes on the crack which held the gaze of Capt. Eli.

"Tisn't much to tell, only what might happen to any vessel under similar circumstances," said Capt. Eli. "A bolt struck the deck amidships and bored a hole right down through the bottom o' the schooner big as a man's leg.

"The water come rushing in, and o' course the Emma S. would have foundered if a second bolt hadn't come and struck my foreto'galla'mast, cut it off near the top, turned it end for end, and drove it right into the hole, plugging it up an' making it water-tight.

"'Twas a clear case o' what folks call the ravages an' repairs o' nature," said Capt. Eli, as he removed his gaze from the crack and let it rest thoughtfully on the ingenuous face of the only landsman in the company.

Ate a Chick With Big Eyes.

Utica Observer.

A trainman is telling an incident that occurred on a Mohawk and Malone train up in the woods the other day. The train was standing on a siding waiting the arrival and passing of another train when an Italian walked through the coach, his hands crossed on his stomach and his head wagging from side to side in a doleful manner.

"What's the matter, John?" some one inquired.

"Oh, me sick—me sick as dev," replied the man, rolling his head still more distressingly and continuing the rubbing of his stomach.

"Sick? Well, what you been eating?" asked the sympathetic passenger.

"Eata de chick with big eyes," responded John, as his groans increased.

John had killed an owl the night before, and it didn't agree with him.

Fatherly Advice.

Chicago News.

"Dad," said the country youth who had just graduated from the district school, "I have long cherished a desire to go on the stage, and have at last decided, with your permission, to——"

"My boy," interrupted the old granger, "all the world's a stage. You hitch the mules to the big red plow and transfer the outfit to the ten-acre lot behind the barn, where you can enact the star role in that beautiful drama entitled Down on the Farm."

King in Counting Room

Snapshot of King Alfonso, of Spain, auditing his household expenses. The King is said to be as careful of his household bills as a flat dweller.

Where the Blood Feud Flourishes.

Harper's Weekly.

The island of Corsica is truly the home of the vendetta, and until 150 years ago there was an annual average of 900 assassinations in a population which never exceeded 200,000. Since the island has been a French possession that government has tried manfully to stamp out this evil, but its success has been only partial. At the present time the assassinations average about 70 each year.

The person who kills or murders another in Corsica must either surrender himself to the law or become an outlaw and join the banditti. The bandit may never return to civilization, for even though the authorities may have ceased to search for that particular man, the relatives of his victim are ever on the alert for revenge. This pursuit is endless, for unless the assassin is killed before he dies a natural death the vendetta is carried on by the following generations of both parties.

One of the most famous, or infamous, of the Corsican banditti was Antoine Bellacoscia, who died about a year ago at the age of 75 years. He had been outlawed for 45 years, and together with his brother Jacques he had eluded every attempt of the French authorities to capture or kill them. It is reported that more than 3,000,000 francs were expended in useless pursuit of these men. On one occasion a large force of police surrounded the supposed mountain haunt of the brothers, but at that time Antoine was 20 miles away, disguised and working as a government laborer, while Jacques, from without the circle of gendarmerie, was an interested spectator of their movements. When Antoine was 18 years old he had killed nine officers, but from that time on it became too troublesome to keep an account of them.

What He Called to Say.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Mr. President," said the caller at the White House, "I do not wish to boast, but I thought you might like to know that I was the original—"

"Really, you must excuse me, my dear sir. I have a pressing engagement."

"Ah, I am very sorry. I merely called to say that I am the first man that ever—"

"I am sorry, sir, but really I must beg that you will excuse me."

"Certainly, Mr. President, certainly. I merely wished to say that I am the first golfer that ever made a 275-yard drive with a niblick."

"Oh, I thought you were going to tell me you were the first man that ever supported me for the presidency. Sit down! sit down! By the way, can't you have lunch here and go out and have a game with me this afternoon?"

Dearth of Teachers in England.

London Standard.

In a memorandum accompanying the new regulations for the preliminary education of elementary school teachers, which come into force on August 1 next, Sir Robert L. Morant, permanent secretary of the board of education, states that it is necessary to call the serious attention of local education authorities to the doubt whether the number of bursars and pupil teachers now being brought annually into the earlier stages of the teaching profession is sufficient to maintain a supply of adult teachers adequate to the needs of the elementary schools of the country.

After referring to the marked decrease during recent years in the number of boys and girls entering upon bursarship and pupilship in England—the number last year being only 8,586 against 10,359 in the previous year—Sir Robert says that the number of boys and girls brought into the early stages of the profession this year, in order to secure the country against a deficiency of adult teachers in 1912, should be about 14,000, or rather more than half as many again as were admitted in 1908.

An Interesting Pension Experiment.

World's Work for June.

A large mercantile company, which has branches in nine of our cities, has put into effect an employe's old age pension system, which is an interesting experiment. To this the employes themselves contribute nothing, but all are eligible at 60 years of age if they have served the company for twenty years. Provision, too, is made for those who, at any age, are incapacitated for work after twenty years of service. The amount of a pension is based upon the salary of an employe and the number of years he has served. The salary figured on is the average salary during the five years preceding retirement, and the pension amounts to 1 per cent of this, multiplied by the number of years of service. Thus, a man whose salary is $2,000 and who, upon retiring after 25 years' service, will receive a pension of $500. The smallest pension to be paid is $300, the largest $1,000; so that the system strongly favors those who have received small or moderate salaries and who, unable to save as they have gone along, have looked forward to old age with consternation.

Early Kansas Terrors.

Eldorado Republican.

Capt. Zebulon M. Pike says he killed a number of hoopsnakes and jointsnakes on his trip up the Cottonwood river while on his way to discover Pike's Peak. Capt. Pike says in his diary that while in camp on the south fork of the Cottonwood river—near where Bazaar now is—he met up with a "blowsnake" that filled itself with wind so that it was as big around as a gallon measure, and when it gave a big puff it blew his hat off.

Moving Day.

Now creak the whip and cry Geddup!
Sing ho for moving day!
For all the world is one big van;
We're moving into May.

We've left the leaky April house,
And glad to get away,
We've signed a lease for one whole month;
We're moving into May.

We trust that nothing may be smashed,
For transfer safe we pray;
We've packed our hopes and fears and loves;
We're moving into May.

When settled in this fair abode
We want for good to stay,
We're getting tired of pulling stakes;
We're moving into May.
—McLandburgh Wilson.

Hoaxing the President.

There is, or was a few years ago, a neatly framed letter hanging in the consulting room of a young Brooklyn doctor, which he found in his mail one winter morning.

It ran as follows:

"Princeton, January 12, 1898.

"Dear Sir—I cheerfully accede to your request and acknowledge the compliment paid to my wife and daughter by bestowing their names upon your own twin daughters, and I hope these children may be spared to be of constant comfort to their parents. Sincerely yours,

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

The young doctor's brain whirled. Being a bachelor and having no acquaintance with the former President, he could not understand it at all.

The mystery was solved when a friend of the doctor's, a mighty politician among Brooklyn Democrats, met him. The politician had made a bet with a cynical acquaintance that any American statesman would personally reply to a courteous letter from the humblest of his countrymen. The cynic took him up, and named Grover Cleveland.

The terms of the bet were that the answer to a letter mailed on January 3 must be received before January 25. Signing the young doctor's name the politician wrote of how his marriage had been blessed by twin daughters. Would it be asking too much for an autograph letter to frame, which the sweet twins could look upon and read when they grew up, and cherish ever afterward?

The ex-President fell into the trap, and the wily politician won his bet.

A Truthful Verdict.

Fargo, N. D., once boasted a composite postmaster and coroner. He was called one day to give his verdict upon the case of a stranger who had been the victim of a fit on the main street.

As the man was known to nobody, he was hurried to the much-prized new city hospital, according to Success. There the case was diagnosed as appendicitis, but when the operation took place the attending surgeon discovered that the patient had been previously relieved of his appendix.

The doctor endeavored to retract his steps, but the strange man died from the effects of the operation.

The postmaster-coroner, in rendering his verdict, filled in the space after "Cause of Death" with a rubber stamp which read, "Opened by Mistake."

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Cat and Snake in Fight.

Fresno Herald.

Now comes an account of a fight that took place near Laton between a large gopher snake and a house cat. The contest was witnessed by Dr. C. W. Hardman, who says that the spectacle was worth going a long way to see. The feline was the victor, but the snake did not succumb until after he had fought for an hour.

The snake started the trouble by striking at pussy while the latter was out searching for stray mice. No sooner had the cat recovered from his surprise after being slapped at than he returned the compliment. Of course pussy was rather frightened at the start, but he recovered quickly. As the snake recoiled after the slapping episode tabby ran in and with a quick movement dug his claws into the snake's body. The snake struck back, but fell short. Then tabby ran in and scored again. By this time the gopher snake was pretty angry. He struck at tabby again and again, but failed to land. Meanwhile the feline kept up its systematic attack until the reptile bled to death from its numerous wounds.

At the Opera House

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

The graduating class of the high school in Pemberton, sat in a semi-circle of chairs on the flag-draped, flower-trimmed stage of the opera house. The youths, in decorous black, were outnumbered by the young girls in filmy white, and with their hair coiffured so elaborately that their faces had a formal, dressed-up look, quite unlike their everyday appearance.

Commencement was a momentous occasion in Pemberton. It was really the greatest event of the year, and even a stranger in the town would have known something out of the ordinary was happening. The streets were astir with women and children, dressed in the fluttering garments of summer, and carrying flowers of home-garden origin in their hands. All were going in the direction of the opera house to be present at the "exercises" which, though practically the same each year, were of perennial fascination.

Everybody went early to get a good seat, and the consequences were the house was packed long before the hour for the reading of essays, the delivering of orations and the awarding of diplomas. The fluttering of many fans kept the heated air stirring, and the strains of the orchestra playing popular airs, mingled with the buzz of voices. Mothers exchanged confidences about their daughters' graduation gowns, and told how at the last moment, something went wrong, and they hoped the place that wasn't quite right wouldn't show, but there was no telling, everything was so conspicuous up there on the stage.

Down in a seat in the front row sat a thin, faded-out little woman, dressed in a skimpy white gown that was shrunken and almost worn through in many places from long use and frequent washings. She had made an attempt to relieve its plainness with frills of cheap lace at her throat and wrists. Under the lace her work-reddened hands lay clasped together in her lap, seeming to rest contentedly there as if her labors were finished and she was at peace. She had come to the opera house with her son, Edward, for whom she had toiled unceasingly since he was a little child and she was left a widow and almost penniless.

He was an unusually bright boy, and so quick at learning that it became his mother's aim and ambition to give him an education which should fit him to take a high place in life. The first half of the way was traveled. The night of his graduation had come, and he was up there on the stage, sitting in the semicircle with the youths clad in decorous black, and hardly distinguishable from the rest, save in his mother's eyes. To her, he stood out distinctively as a superior being who excelled all others in appearance and brains. She had brought him to this through years of unremitting toil and distressing economies. When he was small she had gone hungry so that he might be well fed. In order that he might be comfortably clad she had turned and patched her own clothing until there was nothing left to turn and patch.

When the boy was old enough to understand the plans his mother had made for him, he became her partner, and, outside of school hours, during the time he could spare from his studies, he worked to help earn their living, but his mother kept him close at his books, holding before him the goal which he must reach. When he had finished his school course in Pemberton, then he was to go to college. He could work his way through, he assured his mother, but she had no intention of relaxing her efforts; it was only for the night of his graduation that she would allow her mind to cease planning and thinking, and rejoice in her son's triumph as valedictorian.

She was dreaming dreams she was sure would come true, while she sat there with her toil worn hands clasped together. So absorbed was she in her dreams that she scarcely knew when the orchestra ceased playing and the program began. She heard the clergyman's voice raised in prayer, beseeching that the young lives about to set forth on their journey should be guided aright, and she breathed a prayer in response, substituting "my son" for his, "these young people."

She thought the class song was the sweetest music she had ever heard, and she listened in all seriousness to the flowery essays, and the patriotic orations, read and delivered after the manner of the elocutionist, and with an accent far different from that used by the lads and lassies in everyday speech. The adamant convictions, ironclad opinions, and lofty idealism of these young folk did not strike her as being amusing. She accepted them as they were stated, though to her they were only a prelude to the great event of the program.

Her son was valedictorian and she listened to his address, feeling certain nothing so wise and brilliant had ever been spoken before. The joy and pride that filled her heart were something indescribable, and they glorified her pale, lined face with a light that was supernal.

She scarcely heard when a friend seated next to her leaned close to whisper, meantime wiping the tears from her eyes, "I tell you us mothers know what it is to feel proud with our children up there doing so noble, me with a girl and you with a boy, we certainly ought to feel proud."

Edward's mother was too absorbed in watching the president of the board presenting the diplomas to do more than nod her head and smile. She was arranging in her mind to have Edward's diploma framed, and she was trying to think where the money the farming would cost was to come from. She had spent so many night hours in plans of this sort that they had grown a great weariness to her brain. She put away the thought of money and gave herself up to the joy of the moment. This was an evening for happiness and she should take her fill.

She was among several who waited for the graduated class to come from the stage. There were kisses and hand clasps and congratulations. The girls in their fluffy gowns, and flowers, and ribbons were all smiles and giggles and exclamations. The boys conducted themselves in a sedate, grown-up manner, and walked and looked the importance they felt.

They filed out of the opera house together, a laughing, happy group of fathers and daughters and sons and mothers, filled with the elation which a new era brings. For many of the younger generation, schooldays were over and the night was an epoch as well as an event.

Charlie and his mother walked home together. The little mother clung to her tall son's arm, and, remembering the tiny baby he used to be, marvelled a little at his size. She knew how fast he had grown by the way she had had to lengthen and let out his clothing, but she had never quite realized until tonight how tall he was, and that he was broadening in proportion. She pressed close to his side and her hand clung to his arm. He looked down at her fondly.

"Did I do well tonight, mother?" he asked.

"Indeed you did, Edward," she returned, "indeed you did. I was mighty proud of you."

He gave a boyish chuckle of satisfaction.

"'Tisn't half what I'm going to do. Just watch me,' he boasted.

His mother, forgetting the cruel pinch of the past year was dreaming, too. Her boy, her only son, was to be a great man. He would be graduated from college with honors, she was sure, and her fancy pictured him going on and on in a blaze of glory. Suddenly he interrupted her thoughts.

"Say, mother," he exclaimed, "isn't this a great old world!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE ENLARGED HORIZON

International Sunday School Lesson for June 20 Is a Quarterly Review.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

This is the day of broad views. The newspaper brings us fresh topics of conversation concerning Africa, Turkey and the Orient. The affairs of the uttermost parts of the earth are given with the fullness and timeliness of neighborhood news. We even talk jauntily about establishing communication with Mars, as if we had encompassed all the problems of this planet, and would exercise our powers by reaching out to our neighbor across millions of miles of space.

There is no doubt about the twentieth century man's having a wide horizon. The important consideration for him is that his standpoint be correct. Broad views are helpful in the degree that they are from a right angle. This bit of New Testament history which the Sunday schools have been studying during recent weeks suggests the true basis for cosmopolitanism, which is a spirit of helpfulness and brotherhood. There is a kind of neighborly interest—a sort of peeking-through-the-blinds spirit—which is mere meddlesomeness and ill-mannered impertinence. This may not be confused with the real spirit of neighborliness. Only the latter may be called cosmopolitanism. The early Christian church quickly rose above its Judean confines and became in the fullest meaning of the term a catholic church.

Two Men and Their Visions.

Men of whom we never think as having ideals above their bank books, or the satisfaction of the hour's appetite, may, all unknown to us, be men of vision and dreams. In the first of this quarter's lessons there appears the figure of a prominent officer whose calling was material and whose cares were such that probably his soldiers thought him a mere military machine. Yet Cornelius, like some of the great fighting men of our own history, lived his real life with respect to the unseen world. Browning well says:

"God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Has two soul-sides; one to face the world with,
And the other to show a woman when he loves her."

When Captain Cornelius was presumably engrossed in affairs of the barracks, he was really seeing in his vision an angel of God promising him a fuller message concerning spiritual truth from the Apostle Peter. A devout soldier was sent post haste to Jappa to bring thither this man of God.

Meipers are helped. The helper gets. The bestower is blessed. Peter in his sermon was himself shown a vision. As part of his equipment to answer the call of Cornelius, the great apostle was shown the figure of the vessel full of living creatures, and taught that naught that God has made is to be called unclean. That bit of personal work which Peter did with Cornelius broadened his own horizon and made him sensible of the truth taught long before by the Good Shepherd, that God's sheep are not all in the Jewish fold. The vision and the mention and the apostle practically synchronized. God's clocks always strike together. He who rules over all, prepares the worker and the work. His spirit is on the field as well as in the force. He made ready Peter and He made ready Cornelius, each unaware of the other; and only this mysterious spiritual preparation from above justifies the expectation of success in religious work.

The Prison and Prayer.

A few weeks ago a woman who had been sent to prison for the crime of kidnapping was loudly calling on God for assistance. Her ideas were of the vague and flabby kind which have no respect to God in the day of action, and turn to Him only in the hour of need. The offender against God's law may not invoke God's power to prevent proper punishment. Only those who go to prison for righteousness' sake can take God with them, or find a radiant angel in their prison cells. Others, penitent, may learn to know Him, even within prison walls; but it is to such as Peter, who was sent to prison by Herod for preaching the Name, that God's angels come. Peter in prison was happier than Herod in his palace. There is absolutely naught outside of self that can shut a disciple off from the fellowship with his Lord which is life's richest reward.

Christians should stand together and behind one another. It was rather stirring to note several months ago, when a member of a Philadelphia church was arrested on a suspicion of a crime, that his fellow church members, instead of indulging in uncharitable suspicion, got together and sent him a letter of love and encouragement and stood by him until the court had acquitted him of the charge. That is the apostolic way of doing things. While Peter was in prison the church united all its spiritual forces and continued in earnest prayer for his relief. That is the sort of prayer which God hears "while ye are yet speaking," for the prayer meeting had not broken up before Peter, released by an angel, stood knocking without at the door.

The mysterious spiritual forces which it seems that the mind of men can affect in this material realm, and the profound spiritual forces which prayer unleashes in God's universe, should ever be employed in offices of sympathy and service. Wherever God's people are in need because of God's name, thither should hasten the prayers and loving fellowship of all who bear the Name. The missionaries on trial in the Congo for bearing witness to the truth, the disciples in Asia Minor persecuted for their faith, the native Christians in many heathen lands who must pay a price for their discipleship—all should be the object of the tenderest solicitude of the entire church in the world.

A History-Making Man.

Good times are ushered in by good men. When God wants to do big things in the world He brings on the scene of action some great-spirited man. Thus we find the Apostle Paul appearing in the history of the apostolic church. It has been of tonic effect for the Sunday schools to be brought into association with Paul and Peter and their fellow-workers. All of us are inclined to boast of the distinguished men we know, and to claim relationship with even the remotest ancestors who have any reason for celebrity. By the same token we should cultivate this good society of the men and women of sacred history.

Why should we not be sedulous to take some time apart from the newspaper every day, where we come into association with the lowest and the meanest and the emptiest people of our time, in order that we may cultivate Peter and Paul and Barnabas and Stephen and Doctor Luke and young Timothy? There is an old lady who moves constantly in this good society, and she told me a few days ago that when she gets to heaven there are a great many things she wants to ask the disciples and Abraham and Isaac and David.

The new Christian church needed a Paul. As the risen Jesus looked down upon this choice young man, with all his misdirected energies, He yearned to have him in His service, and even went in person to enlist him in discipleship. That is the way Paul was transformed from his career as a chief persecutor of Christians to the chief apostle of Jesus. Paul's own life and work and a more powerful apologetic for his doctrine than any of the theological arguments that came from his pen. A great life lived in the name and the power of Jesus is the unanswerable Christian argument.

A Once Famous, Now Smitten City.

The cables have been burdened with heart-breaking messages from this same city of Antioch, of which the Sunday schools have been learning through these recent lessons. For Antioch has been drenched with the blood of those who still bear the name of Christian, which was first applied to the disciple of Jesus in that ancient city. So also Tarsus, the birthplace of Paul, has resounded with the shrieks of the dying and persecuted Christians as they fell before the rifles and swords of the Moslem fanatics. From many points of Asia and Asia Minor the same tale is repeated. Why does not the present-day Christian church feel its old-time unity? Ancient Antioch heard the plea of suffering Jerusalem. Should not Christian Europe and Christian America hear the plea of Antioch?

Our various religious federations are getting together to stress their orthodoxy or their liberality, but where are they getting together to make clamant the voice of an outraged and sympathetic twentieth century Christendom? The cry of the east should be met by a returning hail of brotherhood and of succor. May it not be true that Christianity, after twenty centuries, is less Christian than it was when Antioch sent of its choicest and best to the service of the world, and poured out lavishly of its substance for the succor of the needy mother church?

The Church That Swarmed.

This Antioch Christian church possessed the real genius of Jesus. It was quick-eared to hear the Spirit's monitions. It was rest

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Aeroplanes are quoted at $7,000, but they will probably come down.

How dull and uninteresting life would be if everybody minded his own business.

The huntsman who shoots at a balloon will never make any effort to skin his game.

To regain his liberty, no doubt Harry Thaw would promise not to go insane again.

Canada's new navy will have to be provided with a pair of skates during the winter season.

"How sweet is the sweet girl graduate?" asks the Baltimore Sun. Um-m-m-m! is our answer.

"Everything comes to him who waits," but it is much better to go out and meet it at least half way.

"Get married," says Senator Depew. That is one of the brightest things he has thought of in many a day.

One official at Washington has decided what whisky is, but the fellows who drink it are still in doubt.

By going back to three meals a day Mr. Taft will maintain his popularity among the people who enjoy eating.

The airship is going to be a success, although we do not recall that Mother Shipton predicted that it would be.

By hanging the minority, the Young Turks party should be able to hold on to the offices for some time to come.

Evidently one of President Taft's policies is to write no more messages than are necessary to save the country.

Mr. Harriman says he will resign if anybody can find a man to take his place. The man who could do it has a job.

Senator Aldrich says he doesn't care for public acclaim. The statement seems to have a sour grapes flavor to it.

Notwithstanding Mehemed V. is doing a lot of praying, the Young Turks are telling him what to do to be saved.

Thieves stole a band stand in a New Jersey town, in the presence of a crowd and a policeman. The band escaped.

An Indiana lawyer has been found guilty of stealing two carloads of coal. Could that have been all there was to the train?

It seems pretty hard to find a man who can afford to be ambassador to the court of St. James on a salary of $17,500 a year.

Somebody suggests making Flag Day a legal holiday. But why? The flag can be loved without taking a day off to do it.

No matter what kind of a tariff law we get, the ultimate consumer will have to keep right on doing more or less consuming.

H. H. Rogers proved conclusively that it is possible to accumulate a fortune of $75,000,000 without making a vociferous noise.

Walker Weston has discovered regions in the United States where there are no people to sit on the fence and watch him go by.

It must be a great comfort to the men operating airships and balloons to feel that the bystanders cannot tell them how to do it.

The Turkish government announces that only 4,000 Christians were massacred at Adana. And all that warship coal burned for nothing!

"Jack London writes from Sydney to a medical friend in Honolulu that he is suffering from five diseases." Otherwise he is all right.

By the time President Taft is made a member at sight of all the secret orders in the country another election day will have rolled around.

A man may think he isn't superstitious, and yet he dislikes to throw a flatiron at the strange black cat that comes around seeking a home.

Senator La Follette's all-day speech on the tariff prostrated him, and the New Jersey hen that laid two eggs a day is dead. It never pays to overdo things.

There have been few better husbands than Uncle Russell Sage. He spent a lifetime accumulating money, that his wife might have a good time giving it away.

Mr. Patten doesn't know how much he made out of his recent wheat speculations. That's where the losers have something on him—they kept their books in better shape.

John Busby, of Independence, Iowa, sends us the report that he felt a slight earthquake shock during the month of May. Our old friend is becoming as sensitive as a seismograph.

Among the many other things that should be said of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, it is worth while mentioning that he prayed for the United States senate with sublime faith when many another man would have given up in despair.

ADVICE.

Call the absent back, Mr. Speaker. Their place is here and not at home. Uncle Sam pays them by the year and has first claim upon their time. It may be a little dull sitting around from Monday until Thursday, and from Thursday until Monday, waiting on the senate, but it might be duller if they had to spend the days talking tariff.—Washington Star.

We don't know about that. The entire duty of a member of congress is not concentrated in Washington by a good deal. He has other labors, and essential ones at that. Not the least is to "mix around" at home and learn the needs of constituents and acquire a fair measure of their tempers. Then, too, it is good for the country that representatives get away from Washington at intervals in order to slough the misinformation garnered. The national capital is the poorest place in the world in which to gain a proper perspective. Trifles are exaggerated there into balloons. Matters of real, of vital, importance are permitted to drag a weary length, to harass the machinery of government and to blockade business. The politics of the house holds relationship with the movements of the spheres to the man whose daily routine is from flat to capitol with minutes of gossip in hotel corridors. But it comes down to its peanut proportions when a long-distance view can be obtained—especially if through the agency of sharp questioning voters and critical associations.

Speaker Cannon is a man of singular shrewdness. He can read the mercantile influence behind the advice of the district journals without narrowing an eyelid.

WILSON APPLIES THE CAUSTIC.

President Wilson Woodrow, of Princeton university, who addressed the annual meeting of the Toledo Chamber of Commerce last December, takes a pessimistic view of the work of some of the great American institutions of learning, such as he heads.

"I fear that the kind of men who are to share in shaping the future are not largely exemplified in schools and colleges," said he, in an address at Concord, N. H. "So far as the colleges go, the side shows have swallowed up the circus, and we in the main tent do not know what is going on. And I do not know that I want to continue under these conditions as a ringmaster."

Incidentally, President Wilson applied the caustic to rich men's sons who attend college for the luxury, pleasure or athletic training they can get out of it. "I am sorry," declared the great educator, "for the man who is going to inherit money."

OPPORTUNITIES IN INDIA.

American salesmen who find that a suave manner and an intimate knowledge of the prices and qualities of wares are sufficient for their business in America, must try other wedges with which to open the door to success abroad. Wallace Bond, American consul at Karachi, India, reports that in one year the imports there amounted to 114,000,556 rupees, or $37,000,000.

The ten principal articles imported are classified as follows: Food and drink, railway equipment, metals, oils, chemicals, fabrics and yarn, arms and ammunition, glass, matches, raw materials of various kinds.

The consul finds that the share of the United States in the total sales of goods imported at Karachi is amazingly small, principally because English and German firms have representatives on the ground who have studied the trade and its peculiar requirements. That it is possible for American firms to do a thriving business there is evidenced by the success of the Standard Oil company and Parke, Davis & Co., both of which corporations have branches in India and are doing a large business. They understand that caste and religious prejudices and scruples enter largely into business. For instance, no Mohammedan firm will think of selling intoxicating liquor of any sort, or lard, bacon or ham. On the other hand, a Parsee merchant is not prohibited by his religion from engaging in such trade.

"In view of the fact that future trade between the United States and India must be largely through the medium of native merchants," says the consul, "it is imperative that firms in the United States proposing to do business in India should send representatives there to study conditions. At present Europe has almost a monopoly of Indian trade and will keep it until America makes an intelligent effort to obtain a share."

A DRIFTING SPORT.

Balloon racing is doubtless a sport of considerable excitement. The aeronauts fly into the chill cloudland, drop grappling hooks and sand and bottles and come down in the course of a few days to inquire the name of the locality in which they have been so fortunate as to find a landing place.

Yet there seems no more reason for balloon racing than for contests with wheelbarrow, and certainly the one lacks the entertainment of the other—for the spectators. In these days of fine construction the yachtsman is not expected to enter a race between coracles. The aeroplane has been developed to the point where it is practical for sporting purposes at least, and only the other day a dirigible was driven for more than eight hundred miles. Then why should men mount into the heavens under unwieldly gas bags, leave their fate to the winds and call that a match? It would seem as worthy an engagement as taking the oars from rowboats and counting the one winner which drifts the farther and through the greatest dangers.

BLACK HAND.

A more systematic method in crime, a broader organization, have been revealed in the Black Hand within the last few days than police authorities have ever before been ready to believe. The type of criminal who employs the Black Hand ways, in spite of the terror he is enabled to create, is of a lowe order. His intelligence is often seemingly more bestial than human. The discipline of a large band of workers, the secrecy necessary, and, above all, the division of spoils—these call for an understanding and a singleness of purpose that the ordinary Sicilian and Calabrian rogue does not possess.

Because of the recent revelations the alarming suggestion has been made that native American criminals, confidence men and cracksmen of superior wit and resourcefulness, have entered the field. This would account for the organization discovered. It would explain the apparent subservience to a leading intelligence and it would satisfy questions the police ask as to the existence of a central fund and a working arrangement common to several sections of the country. The American criminals would naturally hide themselves under aliases of Italian names, and, too, they would have all arrangements so that the foreigners and not themselves should suffer in case of discovery.

The Black Hand is probably no worse than other forms of blackmail except in so far as it causes a greater fear among its victims and a more general uneasiness among the police. The methods used in the attempt to break it up have proved of little avail. A penalty as severe as that for kidnaping might tend to crush it. It is worth trying.

THE NEW SENATE.

The dam of Senator Aldrich's bitterness was broken when he entered that battle of words with Senator Beveridge. It was resentment long in process of storage. The senator from Rhode Island exaggerated with excellent intention the charges that the gentleman from Indiana desired to be the leader of a new party. The vein of truth was that it is Senator Beveridge's ambition to be the leader, or one of the leaders, of the western group of senators who look forward to the geographical rearrangement of control.

The Republican party will not split upon tariff revision. It will not break even into factions whose quarrels will be differences over this policy. But the tariff bill will serve to reallign senators and representatives, eastern influences against western. The Aldrich power holds its strength at the special session by reason of alliances without the majority party. It is when these allies shall gravitate to their own legitimate causes that Beveridge and his fellows count upon scoring effectively against the great combination of Frye and Hale, of Maine; Gallinger and Burnham, of New Hampshire; Page and Dillingham, of Vermont; Crane and Lodge, of Massachusetts; Bulkely and Brandegee, of Connecticut, and Aldrich and Wetmore, of Rhode Island. The position of most of the western senators is still unfriendly to the "progressive" faction, or uncertain. But the retirement of a few of the old-time easterners would disrupt the present leadership and bring about a new grouping, the leader of which would be a westerner. It is to that day Senator Beveridge levels his spyglass.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

Edward A. Steiner, writing in the Review of Reviews, believes he has discovered a new American virtue. He was interviewing a parish priest in Hungary.

"The returned emigrant is a new man," said the pastor. "He carries himself differently, he commands the respect of his fellows, he treats his wife better and he keeps the windows of his house open."

It has been a very observing immigrant, indeed, who has found that ventilation is nationally in high regard. It is preached, it is argued about, it is advised by physicians and taught in the schools, but one might wander the residence streets of an entire city and come naturally to the conclusion that this rule of hygiene is very much in disfavor. More nearly might we be said to have a racial fear of draughts. Bald heads consider the raised window in the light of infection. Possessors of easily chilled shoulders can recite tragedies of rheumatism and stiff necks. Toothache, if you believed the explanations of the sufferees, is due to careless ushers, stupid waiters and heartless wives. True, the windows go up at bedtime, but heads duck under the blankets.

The parish priest gives us credit for widespread good sense. Rather should he praise his own people, who have come here, listened to our teachers and followed them—and not the lesson of our windows.

GUESSING.

Overshadowing the tariff bill itself is the discussion whether the President will veto it if it fails to come up to the specifications outlined in the Republican national platform. Mr. Taft has, apparently, not given congress a definite clue as to his intentions in the matter. He insists upon maintaining the sharp distinctions between the executive and the legislative branches of the government and, if the members of congress are to learn how he stands upon the subject of revision, they have no more to go upon—it would seem—than the people at large.

In a speech delivered on December 16 last Mr. Taft said:

> Unless we act in accordance with our promises, or if we only keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope, we shall be made accountable to the American people and suffer such consequences as failure to keep faith has always been visited with. It would be better to have no revision at all unless we are going honestly and fairly to revise the tariff on the basis promised by our party.

The secretary of the treasury predicted last week that the people would find the tariff bill satisfactory.

"The main point," he said, "is to satisfy the people of the middle west. If they are not satisfied, then the tariff question will, unfortunately, not be out of the way and we shall not have rest."

Possibly the middle west might be satisfied if the tariff bill were passed and out of the way—for a while. But the doctrine of revision is entrenched in this section and it will not keep the peace. Whether Mr. Taft would sign the bill in the form it comes from the capitol, satisfactory or not, in order to let business have a chance, or whether he will insist on a proper measure now—these are questions no one knows except himself and his confidantes. And they won't tell. Knowing the President's sincere views and also the present need of quiet in the country, one may speculate to his heart's content as to the fate of the tariff bill. One man may guess it as well as another.

KENTUCKY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

Once more Kentucky is made the reluctant recipient of undesirable advertisement. Murder from ambush and family and political feuds are awakened into fiendish activity. Law, for a season triumphant, makes another of its inglorious exits. For the vendetta in the mountains is to prove, as it has always proved in the past, mightier than the agents of order or the pride in the decent name of the state.

The Kentucky feud is one of those curious survivals of the individualistic doctrine run riot. The state could halt these crimes. It is silly to think it cannot. A firm hand, a show of determined force, the entire banishment of politics, could break up the custom. All of Kentucky has not the feud spirit. But all of Kentucky gets the credit for it, the shame of it, the loss in enterprise and the avoidance of industrious immigrants. Yet in the hearts of a large proportion of Kentuckians is the feeling that the feud is a purely family affair, a domestic quarrel, in which the neighbors could have nothing except a gossiping interest. It is an evil admitted, but of the kind wherein interference would be meddling and violation of the social code.

It is not that Kentucky alone is acquainted with the crime of murder, but the cold-blooded, unending hatred of the feud injures the state abroad even more than the night riding of the tobacco growers, The governor of Tennessee visited swift justice upon a gang of white cappers. The governors of Kentucky might have taught the lessons needed years ago. They failed to do so. The feud survives. The individual right is made more powerful than the rights of the community.

COMMON SENSE IN THE COURT.

An abuse often carries its own cure. As in the case of the dead of certain disease bacilli there exists some element fatal to the living germ so does an evil long continued bring about the writing of its own obituary.

The country for a number of years has had as a part of its sensational reading matter the accounts of trials wherein murderers were held irresponsible because of hysteria due to the high speed of modern living, to new and curious forms of insanity, to an extreme sense of personal honor and to patriotic impulses. And these pleas have won. Juries have brought in acquittals, sometimes to the astonishment of the defending lawyers. The country has laughed, sneered, criticized the jury system hotly and condemned the state of mind which could consider such pleas with seriousness and make a mockery of the institution of justice.

A reaction is apparent. A murder in the south is not to go unpunished, though the principals leaned heavily upon the traditional necessity of asserting their honor. The plea is outworn and has failed. The man who shot down another in New York is sent to prison, though only a few months before another jury in a neighboring county relieved a more vicious murderer of responsibility. A young man who slew his mother has been found guilty in spite of the influence of a yellow journal which ignored the atrociousness of the crime because it had an opportunity to exercise its weird love for mawkishness. The verdict brought in by a Lucas county jury last week was free of the foolish compromise which has led to many verdicts in lesser degree when either the most severe punishment or acquittal was indicated.

Let us trust that the last has been heard of the dementia Americana and brain storms. Passing, too, should be verdicts framed upon the relative eloquence of the opposing attorneys. A physician of repute recently stated that more than 99 per cent of humanity was sane. It is easier to believe this now that jurymen are making up their minds by the excellent old scheme of common sense.

HISTORY FRESH FROM THE MILL.

The Rooseveltian anecdote holds an important niche in the literature of the day. It would be a hopeless task for the collector to compile one-tenth of the output, but should any enthusiast ever try it he should give a volume or two to the spurious stories, such as those written by the Mombasa correspondent—located in Cleveland—and the backfire warriors of Washington. Here is a specimen from the typewriters of the latter:

There is a story current that a few days after Mr. Taft's inauguration a question was under discussion at the White House, and before pronouncing an opinion he desired to read the exact wording of the constitution and he sent for a copy of that instrument. After some little search his private secretary was forced to report that, apparently, there was no copy of the constitution in the White House. Mr. Roosevelt's former secretary happened to be present at the time and the President gently twitted him on the curious omission. "We didn't have much use for the constitution," the former secretary jokingly replied. "I think we will have the constitution where it properly belongs," was Mr. Taft's answer.

The Roosevelt anecdote, so far as quantity is concerned, is a close rival to huge output placed at the door of Lincoln. Will it, as in the case of the Emancipator, alter its character so that none but the creditable survives?

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

It has been said of Edward Everett Hale that he was one of the two men only in English literature who had succeeded in writing a piece of fiction which in every point carried the semblance of reality. The other man was Daniel De Foe, and he is credited with two such achievements, "Robinson Crusoe" and "A Journal of the Plague Year."

"The Man Without a Country" founded the reputation of the great man whom death has called at the far age of ninety. It was a story inextricably connected with the author's name, so that you could not think of the man without recalling his work. Happily it was such a writing as one who performed it might always be proud of and in the many years between the day that "The Man Without a Country" went to press and the hour when living ceased, the fictionist had reason to congratulate himself upon the inspiration. Not the art, not the entertainment, not the style were things to make this short story cling to the reader's memory, but the patriotism it taught, the pity for a great loneliness it bred, the grief for a man who dwelled beneath a flag, felt its appeal and lived daily within sound of the beautiful ceremonies of love and loyalty about it and yet was not of that emblem. "The Man Without a Country"—let us be thankful—was a figure too sorrowful for real being. He exists but a creation of a noble mind to be a lesson forever.

THE PYRE.

The fire losses in America are from ten to thirty times per capita those in foreign countries.

The population of the United States has increased 73 per cent since 180, the fire loss 134 per cent.

The costs of fire per capita have increased 3.10 in the five years from 1902 to 1908.

The lives lost in flames in 1908 numbered 1,449. The injured were 5,654.

The average annual fire loss in this country amounts to a quarter of a billion dollars.

For the first three months of 1909 the loss was 53 million dollars.

Fire departments cost the taxpayers $107,063,524 yearly. Water works costs chargeable to fire service amount to $245,671,676.

These are sentences gleaned from the speech of the president of the National Board of Fire Underwriters at the meeting in New York last month. They show that with all the increase in the skill of firemen, the invention of better apparatus and the laying of high pressure mains, the cities are not dealing with the root of the evil. The fault lies not in the fire-fighting means, but in building construction. Until the code shall be brought to the strictness of that in communities abroad and until inspectors can be found who will enforce even such laws as we have, so long must we pay an excessive tax for the support of fire departments and the laying of mains—and still suffer a quarter-billion dollars of loss every year.

A NEW "JUNGLE?"

The packing house industry of East St. Louis has been given a crushing blow by the new "Jungle" revelations. But the packing houses can recover. They can reform as those in Chicago did and learn that cleanliness is a sound business policy. But it is another question as relates to the department of agriculture.

The responsibility for the enforcement of the meat inspection law lies with Secretary Wilson's staff. If it has failed to make the law stand, if it has appointed incompetent inspectors and backed them up, if it has been corrupt in any way, it has protected a revolting fraud upon countless numbers of American citizens. From the Chicago disclosures every one knows that the meat inspection law was imperative. To render it foolish is to insult—and sicken—the people. The department, in case it should turn out to have been derelict, ought to be treated with the greatest severity.

The agricultural department is maintained almost altogether for the benefit of the farmer. The East St. Louis scandals will necessarily check the consumption of meat from that packing center. And this reacts against the farmers with beef and pork and mutton for sale. Are they likely to feel kindly toward the governmental institution which has neglected to make such "Jungles" impossible?

It is announced in Washington that J. F. Harms' resignation will be promptly accepted upon its receipt. How this will reassure the consumers of East St. Louis meat products is not explained. It may relieve the temper of the bureau of animal industry, yet it strikes us that it would be wiser to spend more time in looking into the packing plant conditions than in trying to see how curtly a resignation can be accepted.

THE JUNE ARMY.

The reception which the world must annually give to the university and college students is no less a problem for the world than for the students. Conventional humor demands that work-a-day life be cold of shoulder, indifferent, suspicious. In reality the student is received with kindness and tolerance. His tremendous self-confidence is not infrequently accepted at its face value, his youth with gratitude.

But the graduate is not always willing to take the gifts that are held out to him. His attitude is of one who demands a dividend the day after investment. Salaries offered him, too high usually for the training brought, disappoint him. He looks for the easy hours of the school. Discipline of business irks him and much of the routine he considers beneath his learning and his dignity. There still rings in his ears the songs of commencement and the poetic impractical atmosphere of the college town is long in leaving the recesses of his memory. It is here that the world has its problem—considering how long it is becoming to be patient, studying the individual for his strength to overcome the dampening effect of disillusion, wondering whether, in the end, a friendly forbearance is to pay.

Every year thousands of students go forth, raise their little excitement and disturbance and are absorbed. That all but a few adopt themselves to the world as it is one may know by the rarity with which the question of college education is raised. The graduate ceases to be merely a graduate and early becomes a man.

What a splendid thing it would be if somebody could introduce a new form of amusement among the people of Breathitt county, Ky. As an outdoor sport, shooting one's neighbor from ambush no longer appeals to civilized people.

Emma Goldman has been compelled to make a speech in a barn. But isn't that a violation of the insurance policy?

The Ohio supreme court has decided that a hen is a chicken, and the court is now entitled to a summer vacation.

No matter how hard it tries congress will never be able to make revision of the tariff the national sport.

It is a wise state that trains its legislature to adjourn early in the spring.

GOOD SIGNS.

Steel, as a basic industry, is producing more signs of returning prosperity. A contract for 35,000 tons of rails has been placed with two subsidiary companies of the trust by the Missouri Pacific railroad. Other Gould orders amount to from 15,000 to 20,000 tons. The Chicago & Alton has closed for 9,000 tons; the Northen Pacific is said to be about to sign contracts for 15,000 tons. About 150,000 tons will shortly be called for by the Harriman lines; 12,000 tons by the Seaboard Air Line and 10,000 for the New Haven road.

The purchases show the reawakened activity of the railroads and they may be taken as virtual pledge for approaching work in bridge material, car equipment and other structural forms used by the transportation companies.

The orders for wire products are said to reach the steel trust offices at an average rate of 9,000 tons daily, which is, it is declared, in excess of manufacturing capacity.

An encouraging item in the industrial news is the announcement that the Southern Pacific company has given orders for the building of four new steamships for the construction of which about 20,000 tons of steel will be needed. There are rumors, according to a New York newspaper, that the Pittsburg Steamship company is about to buy two new lake boats.

If it is true that steel reflects the industrial condition of the country the nation must be close to that plane which is called normal. By the time the tariff bill is signed the greater number of the worries of business men resulting from the late panic will have been conquered.

True End of Worship.

The object of the Sunday service is not merely to hear an interesting sermon, nor it is simply to engage in a public service, says Bishop John H. Vincent, writing for the Northwestern Christian Advocate. Its real object is to encourage, inspire and direct true worship in the individual, developing the thoughtful mood(the reverent spirit and the habit of a perfect self-control. The greatest value of the hour of public worship is not in its ministry of song or prayer, nor in the instruction which a clear and forcible course imparts. It is not in the spirit of neighborship which such association promotes, nor yet in the ecclesiastical loyalty and enthusiasm which it is supposed to develop. The real value of the hour spent in public worship is to be found in the fact of a personal surrender to the Spirit of God, the acceptance of truth by the individual will and a holy resolve by which each worshiper gives him anew to the control of the divine Spirit for all the days and years of his life which are to follow this season of thoughtfulness and worship. The promotion of the habitual attitude of the individual worshiper is the chief thing in the "public service" of the sanctuary. It follows, therefore, that every moment of the public service must be protected as opportunity for personal reflection and resolve; to suggest and encourage whatever makes for close attention, profound thoughtfulness and holy purpose in the individual worshiper. Unbroken silence as suggesting and promoting such meditation and devotional mood is absolutely necessary.

A California Garden.

San Francisco Chronicle.

H. E. Huntington, who is building a country mansion on the old Shorb rancho, 11 miles northeast of Los Angeles, is ransacking the earth for rare trees and shrubs to grace his beautiful grounds of 463 acres. Already the landscape admirably balances with hill and dale, plain, plateau, and deep canyon on the edge of the San Gabriel valley, containing the largest collection of old oaks in the south, and to these the trolley magnate has added $25,000 worth of plants from many lands, while expending $300,000 on the grounds, upon which 40 gardeners have been at work for two years.

Every week shipments of trees and shrubs from Asia, Africa and South America arrive. Huntington has just bought $6,000 worth of trees in China and Japan. Included in these are five palms, which cost $200 to $550 each. Ferns from Australia and New Zealand are also coming to be added to an already great collection.

Mad Sheep Kill Their Lambs.

Philadelphia Record.

After they had gone stark mad, killing their little lambs by tramping them to death and endangering the life of their owner when he assayed to enter the yard in which they were confined, eighteen sheep owned by Robert Wallace, a farmer living near Edenburg, were put to death with shotguns.

A few weeks ago a dog suffering from rabies bit several sheep owned by Mr. Wallace, and a few mornings ago, having occasion to go to his sheep pen, he noticed a little figure lying on its side in a darkened corner of the pen. He found the body of a lamb trampled to death, its head battered to pieces. Next day several more lambs were killed in exactly the same manner. This afternoon he heard loud noises and rushing to the pen found the sheep engaged in excited action. They had put to death all of the lambs and were fighting among themselves.

He Hypnotized the Cat.

Akron (Ohio) Dispatch to New York World.

After the visit of a hypnotist to Akron, Sheriff Stein, to ascertain whether he also was a hypnotist, tried it on the office cat, following as nearly as possible the exhibitor's formula by addressing Tabby thus:

"Cat, be still and listen. You are supported by the county. You are supposed to catch rodents for the county's welfare. Do you do it? You do not. Henceforth catch, trap, earn your keep."

The cat gave a stretchy gesture and licked her chops. Then she stalked from the room.

"She has gone forth to catch mice," said the officer complacently, and later on he followed to see the result of his hypnotic efforts.

But she had done more. Four goldfish and one tadpole in the aquarium and two canary birds were dead at her claws.

"Awake!" cried the sheriff. Then he remembered that in his instructions he had forgotten to tell her just what she should catch.

Wise Indians.

Fur News.

Canada's authorities say that an Indian kills with the greatest judgment and discretion. Unlike the white hunter, the Indian needs no game laws. He understands that if the game is to last he must kill for food and for the pelt, but only when the latter is at its best. He never kills for sport alone, and will not destroy a female animal at the breeding season.

Husband's Unique Tribute.

Mobile Register.

A raid was made in the "Baptist Bottoms" last night by a party of officers which succeeded in the seizure of a blind tiger. A negro by the name of John Owens was the violator of the law, who was caught with some 20 bottles of the goods in his possession. John is the husband of Carrie Owens, who is familiarly known in police quarters as one of the famous tigresses of these bottoms. The whiskey found in this place bore the label "Old Carrie Owens," which goes to show that the woman is not young in the business.

Poor Joe.

Joe Rogers? Well, to tell the truth, I
dunno where he is, although
I did hear that he wrote a book—he always was half soft, you know;
Went down to New York or somewhere—had writin's in the magazines;
The teachers called him bright in school, in spite of him not knowin' beans.

It's sad the way some people go and let the finest chances drop.
They say he might of stayed right here and worked in Fulton's butcher shop;
Now, there's his brother Bill, gee whiz! he's known all through this state! They say
His battin's almost sure to git him in a major league some day.

No, 'tain't worth while to speak of Joe; his folks know where he is, I guess;
I b'lieve he sends them money, still he can't be havin' much success;
Why, if he dropped around this way he wouldn't git a single cheer.
The town 'ud take a holiday if Bill should happen to appear.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

Washington Post.

A fresh young lawyer had the insane idea that bulldozing a witness brought about the best results. He was the defendant's attorney in an important case, and naturally was anxious to win. One of the witnesses for the plaintiff was a youngster of perhaps 16 years of age, red-headed, had a pugnacious hang to his jaw, and as he took his seat in the witness chair he gazed about the court room as if he felt perfectly at home. Then the young lawyer got at him.

"What's your name?" bellowed the exponent of Blackstone.

"Bill," was the quiet response.

"Bill what?"

"Bill Watt!" repeated the boy.

"Now, see here, young man, don't get new. I want your name—and quick, too. Again, what is it?"

"Bill Watt—Watt—Watt—Watt—that is it. Do you want me to whistle it?" saucily replied the youngster.

"Oh, I see—your name is Watt—W-a-t-t, eh?" said the lawyer as the audience grinned.

"You're on!" spoke the boy.

"Now, Bill Watt, pay strict attention to the question I'm going to ask you. Listen! Isn't it true that you have sometimes been called a prevaricator?"

"Well, I guess I'm not one of those prevaricator things—not by a long shot. You've got the wrong child, old scout," saucily remarked the redhead.

"Very well," replied the lawyer. "We will let that pass. But now, isn't it true that your father never brought you up in a proper manner; isn't it true that he is rather shiftless, never works, and makes your mother take in washing, and"——

"Say, you—you"—— The boy tried hard to get the words in.

"And isn't it true," continued the lawyer, "that he is in fact a sort of a loafer, and a"——

"Hold on! Hold on, there!" cried the boy, this time so everybody could hear him. "What's the use of askin' me them questions. Why don't you ask Pop himself—he's sittin' over there on th' jury?"

Irvin Cobb tells a story of a little, wiry negro who went into a resort in Natchez, displayed a large roll of bills and bought a drink.

As he was paying for it another negro came in, very large and very black He looked at the little man and said: "Niggan, whar you git all dat money?"

"Bah-tendah," said the little negro, by way of a reply, "Ah think Ah shall tek a bottle of dat-ah stuff. 'Pears quite satisfyin' tuh meh."

"Niggah," roared the big one, "whar you git dat money? I ast you. I's the town bully, I is. I follows bullyn' foh a trade. Whar you git it?"

The little negro began stuffing the money back into his pockets. "Seems to me," he mused. "I ain't got 'nuff pockets to hold all mah wealth."

The big negro jumped at the little one. "You hear what I said?" he demanded. "I's the town bully an' I wanter know whar you git all dat money?"

Quick as a flash, the little negro uppercut the big one, catching him on the point of the jaw and knocking him down. In a moment the big negro revived enough to look up from the floor and ask humbly: "Niggah, who is you, anyhow?"

"Why," replied the little one, blowing his knuckles, "I's th' pusson you thought you wuz when you come in."

At the finish of the Marathon, at the Olympic games in England, when the Italian had fallen and Hayes, the American, had won, several more Americans came in, pretty fresh, then some runners of other nationalities, and, finally, an Englishman arrived.

The Americans were very sore over the treatment they had received, they had heard nothing for days but boasts that an Englishman could win the Marathon, and when the English runner finally did appear, way back in the ruck, an immense American, leaning far out of his box, bellowed through a megaphone:

"Welcome to our fair city!"

Puck.

Columbus plainly foresaw that he would never discover America until he should have beguiled the fears of his sailors by making the egg stand on end.

"But with eggs 60 cents a dozen this is impossible!" he exclaimed ruefully.

King Ferdinand hereupon suggested having his law officers proceed against the egg trust—that was the best he could think of doing; but Queen Isabella, with deeper insight into the necessities of the case, straightway offered to pledge her jewels, which were of immense value.

Tit-Bits.

Parvenu Hostess (to stable boy, attired as waiter for the occasion of a dinner party)—"James, why do you not fill Mr. Gluttone's glass?"

James—"Lor' ma'am, what's the use? He empties it as fast as I fill it."

Two Pullman car porters met outside the Grand Central after a night's run, says the New York Morning Telegraph.

"Where's Ike Stevens, Bill? He hasn't been on the job for two nights."

"No. He had a birth up at his house."

"Girl or boy?"

"Twins."

"Huh! I don't call that a birth; I call that a section."

Denver Post.

A High street small boy, about 5 years old, was taken to an entertainment by his mother the other evening. It was 10:30 o'clock when they reached home and the little fellow was very tired and sleepy. He undressed quickly and hopped into bed.

"George," said his mother sternly, "I'm surprised at you."

"Why, mamma?" he asked.

"You didn't say your prayers. Get right out of that bed and say them."

"Aw, mamma," came from the tired youngster, "what's the use of wakin' the Lord up at this time of night to hear me pray?"

A party of Chicago men were returning from New York and were at dinner in the dining-car.

"Nice enough city," said one. "I think New York is fair, but doesn't compare with Chicago at all. Nothing doing there for me. Go down once in a while for business, but dear old Chi for mine."

"Some thing!" said another. "Ain't got the git up and git we have. Don't hand out the happy come-back. Not in it with us. Now, take the last game that the Cubs and the Giants played over in New York. I was one of three that signed a telegram that just put it all over some friends of our down there in New York. Handed them a quick, bright one in a telegram they never would have thought of in a million years, and wired it to New York when the Cubs won that game."

"What ju say?" asked the third.

"Oh, simple enough, but shows how Chicago is there with the language. Hurled it right in, on the spur of the moment. The three of us signed this telegram to the New Yorkers and it was pretty clever, I can tell you. We just said this: nothing more: 'Ain't the Cubs rotten?'"

William McAdoo, the man who built the tunnels under the Hudson river in New York and the great terminal on the New York side, was standing on the Cortlandt street elevated railroad platform in New York one day, watching the work. A man stood alongside him and, wishing to know what the people thought about the work, Mr. McAdoo inquired of his companion: "What's all that excavation for down there?"

"Why," the man replied, "that's the McAdoo tunnels," and he explained the system at length to its projector.

"But why do you call them the McAdoo tunnels?" McAdoo asked.

"Why," said the knowledgeous man, "McAdoo is the guy that is building them."

Varieties

South America had newspapers as long ago as 1594.

Uncle Sam's cattle eat $722,000,000 worth of hay annually.

Crops in Manchuria are reported to be the best in thirty years.

Roumania has a prison for women which is managed by women.

The city death rate is generally greater in winter than in summer.

Heidelberg is to have a special institute for experiments with radium in treating diseases.

Australia has more unemployed area in proportion to the population than any other country.

Postoffice inspectors believe they have found headquarters of Black Hand organization at Marion, O.

New York girl, weighing 600 pounds, sues railway company for $20,000 for 200 pounds she lost in alleged accident.

Philippine planters, finding hemp cultivation not as profitable as in former years, are beginning to till their lands for other crops.

Rhode Island received its name from what was supposed to be a resemblance in contour to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Albert Richardson, of Eskridge, Kan., died last week at the age of 110. He was so old at the time of the civil war that his enlistment was refused.

During the year 1908 no fewer than 9,254 different books were published in the United States. This number is 366 less than during the preceding year.

There are 1,100 Congregational churches in the fourteen states and territories between a line drawn north and south at Kansas City and the eastern line of California.

The corozo tree abounds throughout the Mexican state of Tobasco, being most abundant in the virgin forests, as it requires shade and humidity to develop favorably.

Wheather reports by wireless telegraph are furnished the British bureau by ships in the Atlantic. The ocean has been divided into numbered areas, so as to locate all reports.

The management of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition has invited mothers of babies born in Seattle during the month of June to have the babies christened at the exposition grounds in July.

At the beginning of the present year Japan had 3,308 telegraph offices and the lines were 5,387 miles long, with a total length of wire 92,227 miles. Nearly 8,000,000 telegrams were handled last year.

The wealth of the United States in 1850 was $7,000,000,000, speaking in round terms; in 1869, $16,000,000,000; in 1870, $30,000,000,000; in 1880, $43,500,000,000; in 1890, $65,000,000,000; in 1900, $88,500,000,000, and in 1904, $107,000,000,000.

The only ostrich farm in Europe is at Nice. It is said to be profitable. Incubators have to be used to hatch the eggs, the sun in the Riviera not being hot enough to do this work, as it does in Africa.

At the close of the fiscal year 1908 the railroad mileage of the United States was 230,000, as compared with 126,883 in 1888 and 184,648 in 1898. The net capitalization is $18,000,007,012, an increase of 39.8 per cent over the figures of 1898.

Speaking at a recent conference Prof. Lloyd Morgan said a student was asked what he learned from his psychology lecturer. "Oh," was the reply, "he tells you what everybody knows in language that nobody can understand."

Among the 6,000,000 working women in this country there are nearly a million widows and nearly 800,000 married women whose husbands have failed to provide for them. Nearly 100,000 divorced women are among the wage earners.

The new Chinese government arsenal at Canton now turns out rifles and quick-firing guns according to the latest patterns, which are almost as good as those imported from foreign countries with regard to make and finish.

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker and the newly formed Public Service league of Women, have made a successful fight against the ordinance which had been "sneaked through" the Denver board of aldermen to permit the feeding of brewery swill to milch cows.

There are in Germany about 7,500 hospitals in which 1,200,000 patients are annually treated. Adding to these the inmates of private sanatoria and patients treated at home, it is estimated that at all times one person in sixty of the population is seriously ill.

Philadelphians are to be generously entertained with free outdoor music this summer. The two branches of the municipal legislature have voted $15,000 for concerts by the Philadelphia orchestra in the city hall plaza in addition to music in the parks by the city band.

At a little town in Arkansas the Methodist and Presbyterian churches are located near to each other. One Sunday morning the Presbyterians were heard singing. "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" The next Sunday morning the echo came from the Methodists, "No, Not One."

Armored concrete continues to enlarge the field of its application. The experimental concrete telegraph poles erected by one of the great railroads running between Chicago and the eastern coast have proved so successful that the company has decided to extend their use gradually over its western lines.

The cost of the central station plants existing in 1907 in the United States was just $1,000,000,000; the capitalization of telephony was $1,100,000,000 and the capitalization of street railroads was close upon $4,000,000,000, making a grand aggregate of $6,100,000,000, or for 1908 about $7,000,000,000.

Cultivation of the soil is not merely done to kill

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

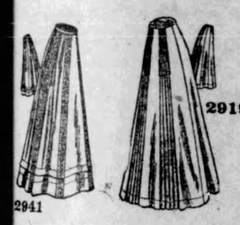
2559—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, with Seamless Yoke. This is an excellent model developed in linen, Victoria lawn, silk or any washable summer material. 6 sizes 32 to 42.

2926—Ladies' Waist, with Body Lining. This is one of the very latest models for the more dressy afternoon waist, the sleeves being especially noticeable. 6 sizes 32 to 42.

2935—Childs' Bishop Dress. This model is particularly pretty for the thin frock of nainsook, batiste, muslin or cotton voile. 4 sizes ½ to 3 years.

2417—Girls' Russian Dress. Nothing is more becoming or useful than one of these one-piece frocks for every day wear during the warm weather, developed in chambray, or lawn. 4 sizes 6 to 12 years.

2941—Misses' Even-Gored Tucked Skirt. This model may be used as part of a dress or as a separate garment if preferred. 3 sizes 13 to 17 years.



2919—Ladies' Eleven-Gored Skirt. A simple model for the separate skirt of khaki, linen, Indian-head cotton, or duck. 6 sizes 22 to 32.

2630—Childs' Dress, with Body and Sleeves in One. High or Low Neck and Sleeves in Full Length or Short Flowing Style. A dainty little model for the growing girl, suitable for development in any of the light Summer materials. 5 sizes ½ to 5 years.

2421—Girls' and Child's Underwaist and Drawers. These garments may be developed in nainsook, lawn, batiste or any material on that order. 6 sizes 2 to 12 years.

2950—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with an Attached Five-Gored Skirt. This pretty and simple model is equally adaptable to morning or afternoon wear, according to the material and trimming used in its development. 7 sizes 32 to 44.

2948—Ladies' Combination Circular Corset-Cover and Short Petticoat. Made up in nainsook, batiste, Persian lawn or jaconet trimmed with lace and ribbon-run beading this is a charming little garment for summer wear. 7 sizes 32 to 44.

2927—Misses' Shirt-Waist, with Dutch Neck and Long or Three-Quarter Sleeves. This is a simple and practical model for any of the thin washable materials, as well as China or chine silk. 3 sizes 13 to 17 years.

2483—Ladies' Sailor Shirt-Waist, with Three-Quarter Sleeves and a Removable Chemisette. A splendid model for Victoria lawn, or any material on that order and particularly pretty when worn without the chemisette. 5 sizes 32 to 40.

2494—Boys' Russian Suit, with Removable Shield, and Knickerbockers. An excellent model for linen, khaki, or duck. 4 sizes 2 to 5 years.

2925—Girls' Dress, with Princess Panel, High or Dutch Neck and Long or Three-Quarter Sleeves. This is a charming model for the dainty evening frock or one for best wear for the young girl in her early teens. 5 sizes 6 to 14 years.

2481—Ladies' One-Piece Plaited Skirt, with straight lower edge. This simple design is especially adaptable to all the bordered materials, as well as any of the lawns or organdies. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

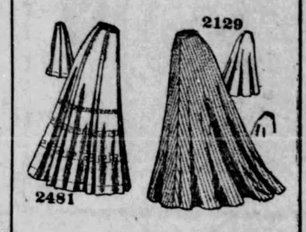
2129—Ladies' Circular Skirt, with or without centre-front seam, and in medium sweep or round length. This model is adaptable to crepe de chine, silk or messaline. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2521—Boy's Shirtwaist, with separate turn-down collar. Linen chambray, duck, Indian-head cotton, flannel, silk, pongee or khaki are all suitable materials for the development of this dainty waist. 7 sizes—3 to 15 years.

1892—Ladies' Blouse Dressing-Sack, with three-quarter length sleeves. This pretty model is very simple and may be developed to advantage in plain or flowered lawn, thin silk, or organdie. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2111—Ladies' Tucked Nightgown, with back yoke and long or three-quarter length sleeves. Suitable for development in batiste, lawn, plain or cross-barred muslin or dimity, with narrow lace edging for a trimming. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2715—Child's One-Piece Dress, closing with buttons down the front and having a removable chemisette. A good model for every-day wear. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.



DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

ABOUT YOUR LOVE AFFAIRS	ABOUT YOUR HEALTH	ABOUT SPECULATION	ABOUT PARTNERSHIP
ABOUT SALE AND PURCHASE OF PROPERTY	ABOUT BUSINESS	ABOUT JOURNEYS	ABOUT CHILDREN
ABOUT HONOR	ABOUT FAMILY MATTERS	ABOUT MARRIAGE	ABOUT LEGACIES	ABOUT PERPLEXITIES
ABOUT CHANGING YOUR POSITION	ABOUT CHANGING YOUR HOME	ABOUT CHANGING YOUR BUSINESS	ABOUT SICKNESS
ABOUT YOUR LUCKY DAYS	ABOUT YOUR UNLUCKY DAYS	ABOUT WHAT BUSINESS WILL BRING SUCCESS	

WILL TELL YOUR FORTUNE FREE

Shakespeare says, "The stars above us govern our conditions." The Shepherds were guided by a star to the birthplace of our Saviour. The Twelve Disciples were each born under a different star. We are each born under a star which guides us. **Do You Know Where Your Star is Guiding You?**

If not, it is very important that you should know, and I can give you this knowledge **without cost.** I will send you a horoscope pointing out what the future may have in store for you, warn you against evil influences, what to avoid and what opportunities to take advantage of. The advice and information given will probably assist you in many ways and perhaps mark the turning point in your career, and may bring you **success, health, happiness, fame and popularity in both business and social life.**

Write me today telling me whether you are married or single, telling me the place you were born, also give the date of your birth and year, and I will immediately send you **free** an astrological delineation which I believe will contain remarkable and valuable information about yourself.

Write immediately and inclose four cents in stamps to pay the cost of mailing the horoscope and I will send it to you promptly **free of charge. Exalted Mystic,** No. 103, 649 West 43d Street, New York City.

U. S. RUNS DOWN HILL

Woodrow Wilson Believes Economic Supremacy of Nation Threatened.

Princeton, N. J., June 14.—"Our economic supremacy may be lost because the country grows more and more full of unprofitable servants.

"The labor of America is rapidly becoming unprofitable, under its present regulaton by those who have determinued to reduce it to a minimum.

"I need not remind you of the thousand and one ways in which what were thought to be the business interests of the country were pushed forward without regard to anything but the profit of those immediately concerned. What was intended was accomplished—and with what results you know."

In these words Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton university, gave warning of what he regards as grave dangers which imperil the country.

In delivering the baccalaureate address yesterday before the graduating class of Princeton university, Dr. Wilson declared, in effect, that America was running down hill. He criticised both employer and employe. The former, he declared, was self-centered to the exclusion of any regard for the welfare of the country; the latter willing to perform only the minimum of labor, so that the very existence of industry, in some cases, was jeopardized.

Dr. Wilson spoke on Unprofitable Servants. He said that they impoverish their own lives, and through their increasing number threaten the commercial position of the country.

Dr. Wilson spoke from the scriptural text from the gospel of St. Luke, "We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do."

"You know what the usual standard of the employe is in our day," said Dr. Wilson. "It is to give as little as he may for his wages. Labor is standardized by the trade unions, and this is the standard to which it is made to conform. No one is suffered to do more than the average workman can do.

"In some trades and handicrafts no one is suffered to do more than the least skillful of his fellows can do within the hours alloted to a day's labor, and no one may work out of hours at all or volunteer anything beyond the minimum."

NO NEW TREATIES

Berlin, June 9.—Chancellor Von Buelow's semi-official news organ, the Stuttgart Reichs Korrespondez, says today that no fresh agreements between Russia and Germany will be considered at the meeting to take place this month in the Gulf of Finland between Emperor William and Emperor Nicholas, and that whatever conversations occur between the two rulers will be in the direction of good will under Russia's existing international responsibilities.

NEGROES' TALES HER INSPIRATION

New York, June 10.—After evening service at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth avenue and Tenth street, the congregation adjourned to the parish hall, where the Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Stowe made an address on his mother's great book, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"My mother wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin," said Dr. Stowe, "simply because she was a woman and a mother. She knew nothing about the arguments that had been put forth by each side, but she had babies of her own, and she had negro servants, also. When she learned that some of those women whom she employed had their babies torn from them, that is what hurt her most and touched her heart.

"Then her brother, Charles Beecher, on his return from New Orleans, told her of the misery in which these poor people lived. Her sister-in-law was there at the time, and she exclaimed, 'Oh, Harriet, if I could write like you I would write something about those poor people.' My mother, on the impulse of the moment, exclaimed, 'So I will.'

"My mother had not the faintest idea what she would write about until one day she was in church and suddenly the whole scene of Uncle Tom and Legree floated before her eyes. She broke into a fit of uncontrollable weeping. When she reached home she went up to her room and sat down and wrote the chapter that most of you are familiar with, The Death of Uncle Tom. Then she called her six children around her and read it to them until they cried, too. It was a cry from a woman's heart at what was wrong. I need not tell you how it worked. Strong men read it and wept over it."

Dr. Stowe said that if his mother had made sufficient money from the sale of the book it was her wish to found an institution for the education of negroes, but she had made little. She got nothing from the sale of the book in Europe or from the dramatized version. An old lady suggested that a fund be started to found such an institution as a memorial to Mrs. Stowe, and this was agreed to.

The Village Blacksmith.

If it had been written by Mr. Robert Browning instead of by Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Beneath the tree known as the chestnut
The village smithy stands.
(We garner from that tree the best nut
In this or other lands.)
The smith he will wear coat and vest,
but—
Bare are his breast and hands.

The children from school homeward trudging
Look through the open door!
They watch the soot his face besmudging,
They hear the bellows roar—
A roar like winds 'gainst cliffs unbudging,
Or waves along the shore.

He sits within the church on Sunday
To hear his daughter sing,
Glad that in all the week there's one day
He need not do a thing,
But ready once again on Monday
To do his blacksmithing.

He turns the circle of a horseshoe
Between the dawn and eve,
Each morning brings to him one more shoe
To heat and hold and heave—
Observing this, I think of course you
The moral will receive:

(In Venice once I knew a friar
Who said the same as I.)
We melt our great deeds in the fire,
Spite all the hue and cry—
Now laugh me loosely as a liar,
But point me out the lie.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Evening Post.

Inevitable.

Detroit Times.

'Twas the age of wireless telephone.

"Gimme Z double L—79,454, Kazoo, quick!" said the patient subscriber.

And, as he listened, this came right back at him from the exchange:

"Airsbusy!"

WHAT THE SEA GIVES UP EVERY YEAR FOR FOOD

All the Fish Caught in One Year, if Made Into One Big Fish, Would Give Us One Large Enough to Swallow the Lusitania.

Just how much of the commerce and industry of the world is due to the need of human beings for food is a matter little understood or realized.

For that matter, just how much man's progress in civilization has been due to this need for food to sustain life is only within recent years beginning to be understood and investigated, since sociology took rank as a distinct science and was given place in the curriculum of every college.

But probably to the average reader, of all the facts relating to food, and the bearing of food production and transportation on life and civilization, the importance of the sea in feeding the human race will prove most surprising.

Ever since men began "going down to the sea in ships" to gather members of the finny tribe from "the waters under the earth," fish has had, one might say, second place on every menu card of human diet.

But how many people realize that 8,000,000 fishes are caught and used for food in a year—enough, if amalgamated into one, to make a fish so large that it could easily swallow the liner Louisiana?

How many realize, also, that if all the lobsters annually pulled out of the sea and eaten were consolidated in one big lobster it would make a monster that could pull down the Brooklyn Bridge as easily as a child wrecks a toy house?

These sound like large statements, but they are facts, and they are only two of a mass of most interesting facts about sea food that have been compiled by statisticians in the agricultural department at Washington, and just made public.

Nearly as much attention is paid by the government to the farming of the oceans as to the dry lands of the prairies, and the "crops" which are harvested and the "seed" which are annually planted approximate in their largeness of numbers those of the land foods.

Last year, for instance, the fish crop, dealing in the biggest "harvest fields" and bulking everything taken in the sweep under the head of fish, approximated 1,085,000 tons.

Uncle Sam is paternal to an astonishing degree in his protection of the industries of the farmers who fish the waters. He extends his protection not merely over the scaly and the scaleless fish proper, but he makes the lobster, the oyster, the mollusk, the crab, the turtle, the clam, the sponge and the frog his proteges.

He tells how best to encourage each of these species in the continued perpetuation of the race. He does more. He breeds hundreds of millions of infantile specimens of these and sows them generously under the waves so the yield shall always be plentiful.

Federal Fish Commissioner George M. Bowers has caused to be placed in the oceans, lakes and rivers 2,511,597,377 fish and fish eggs, that being 600,000,000 more than had ever been before planted in a single year. The greatest numbers of these artificially propagated fish were amon the pike perch, the yellow perch, white perch, blue-black salmon, lake ciscoes, grayling, shad, striped bass, cod and lobster.

Fish playgrounds should be well stocked now, for the above and many other kinds went into the water in the following quantities: Whitefish, 316,117,000; lake ciscoes, 59,040,000; Chinook salmon, 96,154,797; blue-black salmon, 58,835,055; rainbow trout, 2,954,592; lake trout, 54,253,132; pike perch, 627,923,000; yellow perch, 267,643,365; white perch, 249,169,000; cod, 234,422,000; flat fish, 178,625,000; pollock, 86,299,000, and lobsters, 167,909,497.

And, in the estimation of the fisheries commissioner, the lobsters are the best beloved, the planting of that great number the most beneficial, the duty of guarding them the most important and the hoped-for results the most uncertain.

In general pity the heart of bulky Commissioner Bowers goes out to the lobsters, because of all sea-dwellers his lot is hardest and his path most best with dangers.

On land the chorus girl pursues him untiringly; in the depths the voracious dogfish hunts him unceasingly. It is of record that a 30-pound dogfish can eat as many lobsters in a day as a 130-pound chorus girl, and between the multitudinous numbers of those species the lobster has a hard time in his fight to get big enough to get to the broiling irons or the boiling pot.

Year by year the lobster has been becoming more scarce, but with the large number just added to the Atlantic the commission believes the species will be saved.

"I regard the planting of the 167,000,000 lobsters as the biggest accomplishment of the commission," said Mr. Bowers recently, "notwithstanding the number is small in comparison to some of the other species which we propagated.

"If my crop should escape all under water dangers, and be harvested, they would represent $58,727,900."

TAFT AT LOT DRAWING

His Visit to Northwest Will Be at Time Land is Given Away.

Spokane, Wash., June 10.—A matter which happily coincides with the opening of the meeting of irrigationists and experts in forestry, deep waterways, good roads and homebuilding, and the visit of President Taft, is the beginning of the drawing, on August 9, for over 700,000 acres of land in Spokane, Coeur d'Alene and Flathead reservations.

The registration officers will be in Spokane, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and Kalispell and Missoula, Mont. R. Insinger, chairman of the board of control of the national irrigation congress, has received advice that registration will begin July 15 and close August 5, the time for making the entry being fixed for April, 1910, thus enabling successful applicants to make personal investigation of the land, subject to settlement and entry. Applications for registration must be delivered through the mail only to the superintendent of the opening at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, thirty-four miles east of Spokane, the principal point in the drawing for the three reservations.

While the regulations regarding the opening of the lands will not be available until June, it is understood that those qualified to make homestead entry will be permitted to register for any of the lands designated in the three reservations. This must be done in person, while former soldiers may register through agents.

Persons entering lands in the Flathead reserve, where 440,000 acres will be thrown open this year, will be required to pay one-third of the appraised value, ranging from $7 to $1.25 an acre, at the time of entry, while purchasers of government lands in the Spokane reserve, 100,000 acres, and the Coeur d'Alene reservation, 200,000 acres, will be required to pay one-fifth of the appraised value at the time of entry, the remainder to be paid in five equal annual installments.

These three drawings will provide homes for at least 25,000 persons, there being between 4,500 and 5,000 homesteads. Those familiar with the land to be opened this year say portions of it are adapted to wheat, oats and small grains, also root crops and fruits.

The Indians owning these lands successfully resisted all attenmpts to open them to settlement until recently. In a few months the tepee of the Indian will be supplanted by the home of the settler, who will bring forth wealth from land over which only wild things cavort today.

The Flathead reservation comprises 1,425,000 acres on the west slope of the Rocky mountains in northwestern Montana, tributary to Kalispell, a modern city of 7,600. This reserve has long been the home of several thousand Flathead, Kootenai, Kalispell and Pend Oreille Indians, noted for their unswerving friendship to the white people. Fifty years ago they entered into a treaty, by the terms of which they relinquished certain lands to the government. Reserving certain land for their permanent abode, they selected the Flathead reservation, which contains the largest body of fresh water in the west.

The land to be opened this year is at the confluence of the Spokane and Columbia rivers, making irrigation possible should it be required to supply moisture to the land.

The Coeur d'Alene reserve contains what is declared to be the largest tract of white pine left intact on this contient. The land is south of Coeur d'Alene lake, famed as a summer resort, where is the city of Coeur d'Alene, which has numerous lumber mills, modern hotels and beautiful residences.

A Family Radish.

Floresville (Tex.) Advertiser.

C. F. Norris, residing near town, showed us a radish last Friday which, for size, beats any we have ever seen. It was of the California White Mammoth variety, and weighed 6 pounds 6 ounces, and measured 18 inches in circumference and 19 inches high. Mr. Norris stated that the seeds were only planted about two months ago. It was perfectly firm and not pithy, as is usual with the large radishes.

JAPS DEMAND RIGHTS

Won't Renew Treaty With United States Unless Restrictions Are Removed.

Washington, June 10.—It is said at the state department that the Japanese government through Ambassador Takahira has notified Secretary Knox of the intention of his government to terminate the present treaty governing the relations of the two governments.

This treaty will expire in 1911 and Japan will not renew it unless the article is omitted which gives to the United States the right to regulate the admission of Japanese laborers.

It is said that President Taft regards the negotiation of a new treaty that must be drawn up as the most important single work in connection with the handling of foreign relations of his administration. Although no formal notice to this effect has been delivered it is known that Japan will insist that equal liberties be accorded to her subjects with those of all other nations.

The negotiations will be conducted by Mr. Takahira and Secretary Knox, at Washington, and Ambassador O'Brien and Count Komura, the minister of foreign affairs at Tokio.

The fear of the administration is that the unrestricted admission of Japanese laborers to this country will arouse the anger of people in California and bring on race riots with possibly disastrous effects on the relations of the two countries. This question has been temporarily adjusted by a "gentleman's agreement," under which the Japanese government is endeavoring to keep its laborers at home. None is allowed to come here except by passport. Under this agreement Japanese immigration had dropped from 20,000 in 1903 to less than 3,000 last year, and the latter number is said to have included no laborers.

BRAIN BUILDING

How to Feed Nervous Cases.

Hysteria sometimes leads to insanity and should be treated through feeding the brain and nerves upon scientifically selected food that restores the lost delicate gray matter. Proof of the power of the brain food, Grape-Nuts, is remarkably strong.

"About eight years ago, when working very hard as a court stenographer, I collapsed physically, then nervously, and was taken to the State Hospital for the insane at Lincoln, Neb., a raving maniac.

"They had to keep me in a straightjacket and I was kept in the worst ward for three months. I was finally dismissed in the following May, but did no brain work for years, until last fall when I was persuaded to take the testimony in two cases.

"One of these was a murder case and the strain upon my nervous system was so great that I would have broken down again except for the strength I had built up by the use of Grape-Nuts. When I began to feel the pressure of the work on my brain and nerves I simply increased the amount of Grape-Nuts and used the food more regularly.

"I now feel like my old self again and am healthy and happy. I am sure that if I had known of Grape-Nuts when I had my trouble eight years ago I would never have collapsed, and this dark experience in my life would never have happened.

The power of Grape-Nuts as a brain food is simply wonderful and I do not believe any stomach is so weak that it cannot digest the wonderful food."

"There's a Reason." Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WIN IN MAHONING

Wets Carry Big Ohio County by 2,000 Ballots and Are Safe for Three Years More.

Vote in entire county, "wet" 11,232, "dry" 9,263.

"Drys" carry only one ward in Youngstown, which went anti-saloon by 59 votes.

Vote of the forty-four precincts in Youngstown was, "wet" 7,978, "dry" 5,301. "Wet" majority in city 2,677.

In precincts outside city vote was "wet" 3,254, "dry" 3,962, giving "dry" majority of 708.

Three hundred and ten saloons, two breweries and one distillery will continue in business.

No further election on question can be held for three years.

The villages of Canfield, Lowellville, Struthers, Poland and Sebring returned "dry" majorities. Mineral Ridge, East Youngstown and Washingtonville gave small "wet" majorities.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Youngstown, O., June 10.—Mahoning, the largest and richest county in Ohio in which an election on county option under the Rose law has been held, voted to remain wet yesterday. The total wet vote was 11,232 and the total dry vote, 9,263.

The outcome is what has been predicted by those familiar with politics. The "wets" secured the aid of the county chairmen of the two old parties and with them most of the machinery of both organizations. This was a strong factor in determining the result.

Drys to Try Again.

Leaders of the drys, not disheartened by their defeat, declare that they would start another fight as soon as the law permitted them to do so. That will be in three years.

"We will fight again," said J. B. Chambers, chairman of the county option committee. "The people of the state have no need to be discouraged. The result of the election was due to apathy. I wish to thank the committee for its efficient work."

More interest was manifested in the election than in the national contest last fall. Not a disorderly incident occurred. In striking contrast with other counties that have experienced a similar fight, Mahoning county went through the bitterest election in its history without a disturbance worthy the name.

Youngstown is the largest city in Ohio that has so far voted on county option under the Rose law. The city has a population of 80,000. It is made up of a cosmopolitan citizenship, representing nearly all the nations of the earth. Big industrial plants employ thousands of hardy sons of toil to whom both sides made appeals for support.

Called "Billy" Sunday.

As a last effort the "drys" sent to Iowa for Evangelist "Billy" Sunday. He spoke to two of the largest mass meetings ever held in the city Tuesday. Some claim that the majority feared that these meetings would have a telling effect on the result. Some claim that the majority of the "wets" would have been much larger had Sunday not been brought here.

The "drys" started in to make arrests for alleged false registrations yesterday, swearing out warrants for three men. They proved to be entitled to vote and were released on bond. The step proved a vote maker for the "wets," as the victims were well known and respectable residents.

The "wets" secured the names of fifty-three alleged "dry" voters they claimed were falsely registered, but they either failed to present themselves at the polls or the "wets" passed them up. The police regulations were perfect. Chief McDowell had special and regular officers distributed all over the city and at each polling place. They had little to do beyond keeping enthusiastic workers the legal distance from the voting booths.

Women Help "Drys."

For the first time in the history of an election in Youngstown women worked at the polls all day long. They accosted the men as they came to vote and distributed tickets asking for "dry" support.

It was impossible for the men to reach the voting booths without being accosted by these tireless workers. They were met good naturedly by the men, who took the cards and then walked into the booths and voted without further ado.

Society women worked hard whipping the voters into line to vote for the drys. At each of the forty-four city precincts four women were stationed as workers for the local option committee. They sat in chairs just outside of the precinct boundaries, speaking to each man as he came up to vote. Some of them contented themselves with handing out marked ballots with:

"Can Only Pray."

"We women cannot vote, we can only pray that you, Mr. Voter, will do your duty by our boys and girls and vote for them."

Others buttonholed the younger men, pleading with them not to vote for the saloons.

At a few of the down-town precincts women held prayer meetings on the street corners. They sang hymns and songs, such as Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight.

The wets, not to be outdone, hired two bands, put them in wagons and sent them around to play near the prayer meetings. The bands played rollicking music, like It Looks to Me Like a Big Night Tonight, and succeeded in breaking up the prayer meetings.

Society women turned their automobiles over to the dry workers. Mrs. John Ruhlman, the wife of the president of the Lake Erie & Youngstown Railway, filled all the seats but one of her big touring car with young women. The other seat was for the voter.

And after the women had toiled all day, at about 2:30 o'clock rain began to fall. The women sat on their chairs through the downpour.

Diagnosed.

Washington Star.

"My little boy," said a matron of Augusta, "used to bite his nails.

"'Now, see here,' his nurse said to him one day, 'if you keep on biting your nails like that do you know what will happen to you?'

"'No. What?'

"'You'll swell up like a balloon and burst.'

"My little boy believed his nurse. He stopped biting his nails at once. That was about a month ago, and the other day we had the honor of Mr. Taft's presence at luncheon.

"Jimmy, when Mr. Taft entered the room, looked at him with stern disapproval. Then he walked over to him.

"'You bite your nails,' he said."

Glad to Greet Him.

A Chicago married man who boasts to the boys that his wife never sits up for him slipped out for a cigar the other evening after supper and failed to notice that his wife had her party gown on. When he softly tiptoed into the house at 2 a. m. he was slightly surprised to see a dewy-eyed lady trip down the stairway, turn her back to him and tearfully say: "There are two hooks I just couldn't reach; won't you unfasten them so I can go to bed?" Fortunately he could and did.

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold, embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address R.F. MOSER, 438 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

6 SPARKLING TINSEL POST CARDS 10c Rich Embossed, with Your Name on in colored tinsel. Sent sealed postage 2c extra. T. HERMAN & CO., 331 Carson Bldg. CHICAGO

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—In other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 292 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

25 RICH COLORED POST CARDS 10c Flowers, Scenes, Pretty Girls, Sentiments, etc. Satisfaction Guaranteed. HERMAN & CO., Dept. 40, Carson Bldg., CHICAGO

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 75 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—21 W. Adams St., Chicago

EARN $7 DAILY, SELLING the Dr. Hart Famous Perfect Vision Spectacles—finest and cheapest on earth. Write for special agents' and dealers' terms. Dr. Hart Spectacle Co., 1910 St. Louis, Mo.

PROFIT-SHARING Certificates, $5.00 to $100.00. 8% a year, payable quarterly. Additional earnings cumulative. E. M. MARTIN, Sec., Key West, Fla.

WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know; particulars for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

WANTED—Farms and businesses everywhere. Don't pay agents' commissions. We find cash buyers direct. Write describing property fully and lowest prices. We help buyers find desirable properties free. American Investment Association, 557 20th ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn.

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED? Matrimonial paper containing hundreds advertisements marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, young, old, Protestants, Catholics, mailed sealed free. D. G. Gunnels, Toledo, Ohio.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. Money Makers. Address SAYMAN, 2281 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES—Our new "Protector" is safe and sure; every woman wants one; made of silk rubber; price $1.00. Fairbank Supply House, M.M., 60 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY—Marriage directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314, D. T., Kansas City, Mo.

Spots on the Earth. A Leaflet of Interest to Everybody. Especially Canvassers. 10c. Eagle Manufactory, New Madison, Ohio.

Tobacco Habit cured or no cost. Safe, sure, permanent. Ni Ko Co., Wichita, Kan.

C.D.Q. CALL SAVES 400

Big Cunard Liner's Cry for Help Is Heard 180 Miles Away—Is Total Wreck.

Punta Delgada, Azores Islands, June 12.—Wireless telegraphy played a prominent part in the saving of the crew and passengers of the Cunard line steamer Slavona, which today is a total wreck two miles southwest of Flores island.

The wireless feat of the steamer Republic was equalled if not excelled. The steamer Prinzess Irene was 180 miles away when the thrilling call, "C. Q. D." was picked up. Immediately upon receipt of the message of distress the operator flashed back his answer and learned the location of the stricken ship. The Prinzess Irene then hastened at full speed to the rescue and every soul on board the Slavonia was saved.

There were 410 passengers on the vessel, but no lives were lost.

The 110 first-class passengers on board were transferred safely to the steamer Prinzess Irene, of the North German Lloyd line, and will be taken by this vessel to Gibraltar. The other passengers and the crew were landed at Velas, on Flores island.

The steamer ran aground two miles off the coast Friday morning.

Flores island is the most westerly of the Azores group, with dangerous and precipitous cliffs.

The Slavonia is a twin crew steamship of 10,606 gross tonnage, is 510 feet long, with a 50-foot beam, and is 22 feet deep. Her commander is Captain A. G. Dunning. The vessel is comparatively new, having been built at Sunderland, England, in 1903.

Captain Dunning Reports.

New York June 12.—The first cablegram from Captain Dunning, of the wrecked steamer Slavonia, was received today by the agents of the Cunard line in this city. It was forwarded by the agent of the line in Liverpool and read as follows:

"Slavonia ashore south side of Flores Island. Passengers safely landed, proceeding, saloon on steamship Prinzess Irene, third class on steamship Batavia."

From the wording of this message the Cunard agents were of the opinion that the passengers were first landed on Flores Island and then taken on board the steamers.

EVERY READER OF BLADE, TOLEDO, Should Write to This Woman If They Want to Save a Man From Drink

She generously offers to tell every one of our readers of the simple, inexpensive remedy with which she cured her husband, her brother and several of her neighbors who were hard drinkers. She makes no charge for this valuable information, only requiring that you be truly interested in saving a dear one from drunkenness. This may save you hundreds of dollars as well as a human life, so we earnestly advise you to write her at once. Here is her address: Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 702 Home Ave., Hillburn, New York.

OT IS UNEARTHED

s in Hawaii Had Made horough Plans for the Intimidation of Opponents.

nolulu, June 14.—Fifteen of the ese strike leaders arrested Sat- had a preliminary hearing yes- y. District Judge W. L. Whitney twelve of them for trial on e of conspiring to riot and for conspiracy to murder. en the territorial district court ned in extraordinary session for preliminary examination of the leaders. Sheriff Jarrett, with the oval of Judge A. J. Robinson, or- that no crowd be allowed to as- le about the court house during earing, on the ground that it was to lead to disorder. This order rigidly enforced by a large detail olice.

Forbids Big Assemblages.

lowing the action of the court, am P. Henry, territorial high f, united with County Sheriff t in the issuance of a proclama- forbidding the assembling of large s anywhere in the territory while t conditions prevail. With thou- of idle Japanese excited over the and trial of their countrymen, olice deemed the order wise. ritorial officers declare that the nce adduced before the grand yesterday and the papers found e Japanese Higher Wage associa- quarters furnished abundant ds for the belief that the strikers ed from the begining to resort timidation and violence in their to control the sugar industry eventually the internal affairs of erritory.

Discovers Complete Plans.

rict Attorney W. A. Kinney, who harge of the prosecution, today said that the evidence disclosed the entire plan of the strikers in the inception of the agitation for higher wages. The plan, he said, included the controlling of the strike by a secret committee and the carrying on of a campaign among the Japanese laborers through the columns of the Nippu and the Jiji, newspapers controlled by the leaders; the accumulation of funds for hiring attorneys to defend and furnish bail for those arrested as a result of their activity; to unite in the punishment, by strikes or otherwise, of such planters as opposed the program, and to boycott such of their own countrymen as refused their co-operation.

Senichi Ureno, Japanese consul general, has advised his countrymen against the men who led the strike movement. He expressed approval of their arrest and prosecution.

CHASE REBELS TO HILLS

Strong Force of Troops Is in Pursuit of Mutinous Filipino Constabulary.

Manila, June 14.—Brig.-Gen. Harry H. Bandholtz, chief of the Philippine constabulary, who is at present on a tour of inspection in the island of Jolo, will at once proceed to Davao, Hindanao island, the scene of the mutiny of the Second company of constabulary, news of which reached here yesterday.

Brigadier-General Bandholtz will assume personal command of the constabulary forces sent in pursuit of of the mutineers. The insular government is determined to make an example of the mutinous Visayans who fled to the mountain fastnesses in the interior with their rifles and equipments, and the pursuit will be pressed with the utmost vigor until the last of the mutineers have been captured. Several columns of troops, both regular and constabulary, are already in the field.

Acting Governor General Forbes, who returned today from the province of Pampanga and soon was in conference with Maj.-Gen. William Duvall, commanding the division of the Philippines, said:

"This affair, deplorable as it seems to have been, has not changed my opinion of the native constabulary nor my belief in the general excellence and loyalty of the force. Judgment must be reserved until we receive further details of the mutiny and the causes that brought it about."

Details of the fight are substantially as follows:

Without any warning, the mutineers suddenly attacked the company quarters at night and gained possession of them before any resistance could be offered by a few native noncommissioned officers and several loyal members of the company. One man named Libbey was killed and four others wounded.

Governor Walker, of the Davao province, of which the city of Davao is the capital, immediately rallied the Americans and such natives as could be trusted, in a large church, and preparations for defense were hastily made during the night. Windows and doors were barred, loopholes cut, food and water taken into the building and everything made ready to withstand a siege.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the mutineers began an attack on the church. For three hours the fight raged. A heavy fire was directed against the church and its defenders, but Governor Walker and his small force replied with such vigor that they discouraged all attempts to storm the place.

The mutineers retired and evidently expected to await darkness under cover until a safer and more successful attack could be made on the church. In the meantime, however, news of the mutiny had reached Matti, a town of considerable size, 46 miles southeast of Davao. A comapny of constabulary stationed there immediately hurried to the relief of Davao. Their approach caused the disloyal constabulary to withdraw during the night. Thirty native troopers escaped to the mountains with their arms and equipment.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

JENNINGS.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Help me that I may bring no injury to the fair fame of any. May the law of kindness be on my lips and the spirit of helpful justice in my heart.

MONDAY

Let there be to our steps paths of brightness; to our lives laws of justice, kindness and trust so that we may be of some worth in the world.

TUESDAY

We are never more discontented with others than when we are discontented with ourselves. The consciousness of wrong doing makes us irritable.

WEDNESDAY

What a blessed thing it is that we can forget! Today's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight.

THURSDAY

Keep to a cheerful spirit, then, though in dreariest labor we shall have glad hearts, though pressed by dullest cares we shall keep uncrushed hopes.

FRIDAY

May this day be a wooing and a winning of that which is fine, pure and noble in character.

SATURDAY

If, in our human weakness we find that we have not succeeded, that we have erred or gone astray, let us not despair, let us not be discouraged, opportunities open like books on every hand.

IN CASE OF INJURY

ELIZABETH AYRES

IT is human nature to resent an injury, and with the first flash of angry resentment, comes the determination to get even, to "hand back" in kind what has been inflicted. As in every case of anger, this is one of the times to wait a bit before doing anything reckless in the way of "handing back" the bad coin you think you may have received. It often happens that we are offended where no offense was intended. Some careless word, some thoughtless act is construed into intentional malice, and so we make the mistake of cherishing anger against one who is innocent of evil intentions.

It is always best to be sure before you go ahead, especially in cases when the "getting even" impulse is uppermost. Returning evil for evil, under any circumstances, is a poor way of settling accounts and never brings satisfaction in the end. You may persuade yourself for a time that you are glad you gave as good as you got, but the gladness is of short duration and is soon displaced by a sense of discomfort or self-disgust, and the "I wish I hadn't" feeling.

One of the current beliefs concerning Indians is that they will cherish for years, if need be, the memory of a wrong and then when their chance comes work their vengeance. It is, of course, this widespread idea that prompts the saying: "I'm like an Indian. I never forget an injury. I can wait a long time to get even."

Well, the longer you wait, the better. Even to the smart of a deep injury comes soothing in a little while and the desire to get even passes. One may be saved much suffering from the consequences of hasty, angry action if the getting even process is put off until an indefinite tomorrow. And then there is another phase of the question. It is not worth while to put yourself on the level of one who is capable of intentionally injuring another, and this is what you are doing when you return injury for injury. Hold yourself above the mean action, even if you have been the victim of one.

There is seldom an injury inflicted whose effects are lasting, though it may seem beyond bearing in the beginning, but time, the healer, cures all things and with its passing, what was once a deep wound leaves scarcely a scar.

The only things worth trying to get even with are the kindnesses shown you. These are to be remembered, appreciated and returned with interest. Anything else is not worth noticing.

The argument of this tale is, do not inflict injury, wait about retaliating until you have had a chance to change your mind, and don't pride yourself on being an Indian when it comes to remembering a wrong.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object. To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A PLEASANT TALK

A beautiful country indeed, is old Michigan, the land of the lakes. We live four and a half miles from the city of Lake View, a neat little town of about 1,000 inhabitants. On its eastern side lies the small lake called Lake View. It has two lovely little islands. On one stands the Silent City, which has a drive nearly all the way around it by the water's edge, where there are many large maple trees. It has a grand monument erected for our soldier boys. On the other island many pleasant picnics have been held, and you are carried to it over the bright sparkling water by a boat operated by a gasoline engine. Fine fish are caught in this lake, and on bright days one may see a number of pleasure and sailboats skimming along.

We live on a farm of 80 acres where we moved some eleven years ago when we were first married. Our house is on rising ground and on either side one can see far in the distance. In the front of our house stand two rows of maples, each row containing about eighteen trees. We have one row of butternuts and walnuts, and a dear little boy of ten summers, and a rosy-cheeked, darling daughter of three and a half years, to gather them. I love children, and as I watch them at play I often think how the dear Saviour said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

I think mothers have a great responsibility. I believe if we teach children the right way in childhood and live a Christian life before them, they are quite sure to make honest men and women. I think much depends on the example set before them. We should be very careful in choosing books for the children to read. My little boy Harold is only just past his tenth birthday, yet he is a great lover of books. He has read several. Among them are The Gallant Deeds of Our Naval Heroes, the Life of Dewey, Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross, and two histories of the old and new Testament, besides natural history.

Harold has never been to school regularly until a year ago, as he has never been very healthy and has 13 miles to go, so I taught him at home. He is now in the fourth and fifth grades.

I often make many mistakes which I regret, but I try each day to do my best and trust God for the rest. I, too, have been reading The Life of Stephen, which I think is a fine book, and as I read of the apostles it makes me ashamed of my weakness. I think my next book will be Paul, a Herald of the Cross. I like reading very much, but have little time, as I do all my housework and sewing, raise birds, chickens and house plants. I have also a nice patch of blackcaps and strawberries which I set out and care for myself.

The little ones make a great deal of work, but I think our happiest days are when we tuck them in their little beds and give them our good-night kiss, which my darlings never go to sleep without.

Our farm adjoins that of my parents, and corners with the farm of my husband's father and mother. Wishing you all a happy future.—The Children's Friend.

A WORD FOR "FATHER"

Good morning, will you admit a new comer? I am a reader of The Blade and very much enjoy the letters in the Household department. I noticed that someone remarked that the letters are all alike, well, I am going to try to write something new, though first let me say to Old Discontent, God bless you and all others who are so self-sacrificing. I have had some of that in my own life, and at times I was discontented and thought the clouds were always going to overshadow my life, but now, after having passed the half century mile stone I have just begun to enjoy living.

Those stepgrandchildren, Old Discontent, sroudl rise up and call you blessed. Cheer up and do the best you can, and if God does not reward you in this life He surely will hereafter. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Some children are ungrateful to their own parents, especially the father. How many old fathers there are sitting in the corner, while their children wish them out of the way. I knew of a daughter who, after her father had given her a nice home and farm told him she wished he was dead and that his life was all that stood between her and happiness, and he was the kindest and pleasantest of men. And how many old men there are with plenty of means who either must live alone or with their children, because the selfish children will be angry if they marry again. They begrudge him any comfort in his old age, just because it will take a little of his hardearned property from them and they watch with jealous eyes every little expenditure he may make.

Some of them speak of their "dear mother," and say they could not bear to see another in her place. It is not the "dear mother," but the "dear money" that troubles them. The father who drove miles through the cold to haul fuel to keep them and their mother warm, never thought of the biting frost if his loved ones were kept warm. He risked his life for them if need demanded it. He worked in cold or heat to supply their wants; so, when he is old, his work done, his bosom companion laid to rest and he is lonely, try to cheer him and make his life so pleasant that he will not need to marry again. I knew one old man whose daughter and her husband used to go to their room as soon as the evening work was over and leave the "old man" alone. Is it any wonder that he married again? And when his wife examined his wardrobe not a button was to be found on his underwear, and yet this daughter was boasting to everybody about the "kind care" she was giving her father, and raved with anger when he married.

Friends, be kind to the "old folks." Remember, you, too, will be old, sometime, if you live long enough, so do as you would be done by. "Honor thy father and thy mother." It may be some of them are a little cranky, but have patience with them, for they had to have a lot of patience with your childhood.—Fern Leaf.

FROM KENTUCKY

As I have not written a letter for some time to the Cozy Corner I thought I would drop in once more with a few words to our pleasant members.

We have five in our family—my husband, myself, my father-in-law and two little girls, aged six and ten years. We do not have a very large farm, but always find means for a comfortable living. We live close to a creek and in the summer we enjoy fishing. We have a pair of pet gray squirrels. They are very tame and will eat from our hands. One will ride the wheel. We have a bicycle in their cage and they have a great deal of fun playing on it, but only one has ever learned to ride the wheel to perfection. We call the wheel rider Teddy, and her mate Frisky. They are very interesting to all who come here.

I should love to read more letters from the Blue Grass state as we do not see very many from this part of the country. We live 16 miles from Campbellsville and 20 miles from Colombia on Casey creek. This is a very pretty country, especially in the summer.—Susie of Kentucky.

LIKES MATTING

There is nothig better for bedroom floors than matting. It can be put down in separate strips with tacks to hold it in place, and it can be easily taken up and cleaned, as dust does not adhere to it, and if it becomes soiled, all that is necessary is to take some soap and water and wash the soiled places.

Matting may be purchased at 25 cents and upwards per yard. There are some very pretty patterns, straw colored, or straw colored and green. Try it and you will be pleased with it for lightness in handling and durability in wearing. With a rug in front of the bed, this finishes a room nicely.—Northerner.

INQUIRY

Prairie Sister would like a recipe for canning pumpkin.

INQUIRY ANSWERED

To clean enameled ware use bath brick as when scouring knives and forks. It is easily done and quite satisfactory.—Little Gaddy.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

When you feel that you are at the end of the rope, take a stronger hold, pull hard and you will find the end of the rope is farther off than you thought.

The letters lately received from Happy Medium, May, A Farmer's Wife, Delaware Loney, Carolin M. Apland, Emsie, and Mrs. Emma H. Swift.

One of our friends would like to have the sisters try stewing rhubarb in her way. How "way" is this: Wash clean, cut in short pieces and cook without any water. When cooked enough, add a piece of baking soda about the size of a large bean, stir, then put a tablespoonful of flour in enough sugar to sweeten the rhubarb. Stir well and add to the sauce. Let it boil and then it is ready for the table.

CHILDREN'S MANNERS

Children, when they are away from home, betray by their manners how much or how little training they have received in the niceties of life. At table, almost more than any other place, daintiness is desirable and parents should begin to instruct their children in proper behavior at meals at an early age, for bad habits quickly form when there is lack of the right kind of supervision. Little tots should be taught the use of the right hand and not the left for handling the table utensils, and the sooner they can graduate from the spoon to fork the better. While their hands are small it is wiser to let them drink from a mug, the handle of which they can hold securely, but it is absurd to see big children drinking from these infantile receptacles.

Teach them how to hold a glass, clasping it firmly around the center. Never let them hold it in the palm of the hand or by the edge of the rim, or put their fingers inside. They must be made to understand that glass is delicate and must be handled daintily and the necessity of being careful about it will help them to a sense of delicacy about other dishes.

As soon as children are old enough they should be taught to cut their food and so become accustomed to using the knife, as they had previously to the spoon and the fork. Be careful to start them correctly, for once they get the right ideas they follow them, particularly if the parents personally set a good example, for children are naturally imitative. When they are not using the knife to cut their meat, do not allow them to put it down on the table cloth and the blade against the edge of the plate, but insist that they place it on the plate, a little on one side out of the way, until they have finished eating, when it should be moved to the center of the plate and the fork placed beside it, taking care to turn the prongs of the fork down and not up.

Children who come to the table are supposed to have left the bib age, and being grown up should use napkins. The latter must, however, hang in front of the boy or girl, who must learn to use them as their elders do, placing them in their laps. If sufficient care is taken, children learn at an early age to eat tidily, and parents should insist that they take only a small amount of food on the fork at a time, masticate it slowly, and swallow the mouthful before consideraing another bite. Make them keep their minds on what they are doing while they eat, and on no acount let them form the repulsive habit of eating with the mouth open. The lips should be close together while the process of mastication is going on, and persons who do not remember this make an offensive exhibition of themselves.

PREVENTIVES AGAINST MOTHS

Take one-fourth of an ounce each of ground cloves and caraway seed, one ounce of dried common salt, one-half pound of lavender flowers free from the stalk and one-half ounce each of dried thyme and mint. Mix well together, and put in cambric or silk bags. These scent bags, if placed among clothes, will preserve them from moths and give a pleasant odor.

If you are troubled with moths in the house, try putting blotting paper well saturated with turpentine in the drawers, among the furs and bedclothes, or wherever there is any danger of the moths working their depredations; it can even be put along the edges of carpets. Turpentine is the best preventive of moths I have discovered.—Woman's Home Companion.

PREPARED FROM CUCUMBERS

Now that cucumbers are cheap it is time to make formulas containing the juice or essence of them, for they are among the best of astringents and are especially desirable for use in the summer. The cucumber skin contains a certain proportion of arsenic that bleaches without injuring the flesh. In preparing the extract the skin must not be rejected until the virtues have been exhausted.

The simplest way of extracting the juice is by heat, and for that pjurpose a small smooth agate or porcelain saucepan is required. Then, after cleansing the vegetable, it must be cut into thin, small pieces and put into the pan with a teaspoonful of cold water to each cupful of the vegetable. The vessel then goes on a warm—but not hot—place, to stay until the mixture steams, which takes an hour or more. This process extracts the juice, after which the pulp may simmer for fifteen minutes. Actual boiling is not desirable, as the extract is lessened in quantity. It stands until cold and then the pulp is pressed through muslin.

The juice thus obtained is ready for use in certain ways. If it is to be an "essence" an equal amount of high proof alcohol must be added.

The plain juice may have a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin put in—in the proportion of four ounces—and with this the skin may be wiped freely. This mixture is cleaning as well as astringent and should be allowed to dry on.

Cucumber cream, that many persons believes agrees better than any other kind with their skin, is made from four ounces of almond oil, one ounce of spermaceti and white wax and two ounces of cucumber juice. The wax and spermaceti are put into a cup and set into a basin of hot water to soften, without heating. The almond oil is then added, the cup removed from heat and the juice, beaten in with a silver fork, a little aded at a time. The mixture is placed in glass or china jar.

Cucumber milk is made by adding five ounces of fresh cucumber juice to an eighth of an ounce of white powdered castile soap. When the two are dissolved, which takes several hours, one and one-half ounces of cucumber is added. A glass preserving jar is best for mixing, taking one large enough to permit of shaking the contents. The almond oil is then poured in slowly, stirring all the time with a silver fork, and lastly half a drahm of tincture of benzoin is added. This is excellent for the hands, as well as the face, and is both cleansing and healing. It is best made frequently, in small quantities.

FINE POST CARDS FREE

A Big Package Sent to All Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2-cent stamp we will mail a set of three most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Ten very finest Floral, Friendship and Motto cards, all different, in exquisite colors, silk finish, beautifully embossed, etc., for only 10 cents. Thirty cards, all different, 25 cents. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

THE WHITE BADGE OF CRUELTY

THE AMERICAN EGRET IN A SOUTH CAROLINA CYPRESS FOREST.

Many a woman who would not dream of wearing a stuffed bird on her hat thinks nothing of adorning herself with aigrettes or heron's plumes. They carry with them no suggestion of death, but no form of feather ornamentation is more harmful in its effects. Frank M. Chapman, in a recent number of Our Dumb Animals, has this to say regarding the heron and its feathers:

It each plume could tell its own sad history, every humane woman in the land would raise her voice in protest against a fashion which threatens with extinction one of the most beautiful of animate creatures.

Aigrette plumes constitute the wedding dress of the several species of white herons or egrets, and are worn only during the nesting season. The birds are exceedingly sociable in disposition, and, when breeding, gather in colonies or rookeries, often containing hundreds of pairs.

The plume hunter, armed, preferably with a small rifle, shoots the parent birds as they return with food for their young. The bird falls, the slight report of the rifle does not alarm others that soon follow, and within a few days most of the parents have been killed, while the nestlings, lacking their care, die of starvation.

The method is simple—any boy with a gun can become a plume hunter—but so effective that at the present rate of destruction the herons will soon succumb to it. A Florida plume hunter once told the writer that with two or three assistants he had killed 200 egrets in one afternoon; another boasted that he and his party had killed 130,000 birds, mostly plume birds, during one season.

Having practically exterminated the egrets in Florida, plume hunters have turned their attention to other parts of the birds' range; advertising in local papers, offering large prices to native hunters, and organizing expeditions to explore the coasts and inland marshes, from our southern boundaries to the Argentine Republic.

To prevent the killing of birds throughout this great region is obviously impossible, and laws which alone prohibit their destruction are valueless. Until, therefore, laws are passed forbidding the wearing of aigrettes, the salvation of the herons rests solely in woman's hands.

Can any humane woman, knowing these facts, wear in her bonnet this White Badge of cruelty—undeniable evidence of her approval of merciless slaughter and indescribable suffering?

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we begin our symposium with a picnic letter which I think will be found enjoyable, not only because it is a good letter, but because it is different from those we have been reading. "Variety is the spice of life," you know. So take the hint, and all of you be different when you can.

I have been wondering whether the subject of this letter has ever been discussed or even touched upon in our circle, and whether or not it is of sufficient interest to be deemed admissable. However, I "lay this flattering unction to my soul" that the possibility of its being a help, be it ever so small, to some other member, may bring it under the "in all the ways you can" clause of our motto, and thus subject and letter may escape the waste basket and oblivion.

I am leader of a class of girls in our Sunday school, and one bright sunshiny day I set about the pleasureable task of entertaining them. Because it was a bright day, I decided that the frolic should be out of doors, and I also decided to keep the scene of it a secret from the girls. This last required no little caution, for the grove selected must needs be just on the outskirts of the village. Informal notes were sent asking the girls to meet at my home at 2:30 p. m., and to wear tub frocks. Soon after their arrival a wagonette drove up to the door, and at the same moment I appeared among them with my hands full of blind-folds which were adjusted amidst screams of laughter. They were escorted in turn to the wagon and the driver commenced a roundabout trip to the grove. Then the fun began in earnest, for not one of the girls had the faintest idea where she was going, and when the place was reached and the blind-folds removed, dazed eyes looked about the familiar grounds, where croquet sets had been placed and swing and hammock hung. The girls were sent off first on a peanut hunt among the trees and then they were given leaves cut from manila paper having a "tree" contest in rhyme upon them, the prizes being a tiny pin tray guarded by a small dog and named "A Little Bark," and a penny tablet bearing a "woodsy" scene and the word "leaves." We drank lemonade that was made in a big stone jar, and ate ice cream in cones. A guitar and the girlish voices made us music.

The little affair was very simple and easily arranged, had a touch of the unusual about it, and was voted a complete success. All of this is for the benefit of that possible member who may find the idea helpful in entertaining some other crowd of girls.

"Guess again," New England Girl—Helen.

Perhaps you do not recognize me, but that is not strange, as I have never written you a letter before, but have read The Blade since I was a child and have always been deeply interested in the M. G. R.'s. I resolved when a slip of a girl to join your band when I was old enough, but several years have passed since that time, and I have not kept my resolve until now. I have been reading some of the letters written for the reunion, and it seems like hearing from old friends, so you may not wonder that I am one of you.

I have been greatly benefited by the helpful letters of this page, and especially of this M. G. R. corner, and others who read them cannot fail to be otherwise than benefited. The discussions have been very interesting.

The Alaska, Yukon and Pacific exposition at Seattle commences the first of June and I hope to visit it and also hope that a portion, at least, of this circle will visit it also. They are planning a great time.

Dear friends, may "true success' be yours, and Heaven bless those whose words have helped to make this department what it is. At some future date I will write of my native state, "Oregon, sweet Oregon."—Fannie, of Oregon.

For some time I have intended to write and tell you something of interest concerning South Dakota. In the past October I returned to Iowa to spend the winter and summer, but I expect next fall to go back to Dakota and homestead for myself. In the past year I was staying with my sister on her ranch. I was greatly interested when I read the letter from "Sitting Bull." He must surely live somewhere near my sister's claim. We were six and a half miles southwest of Hayes, and half a mile from the Deadwood Trail.

Sitting Bull, when did you take up your residence in Stanley county? I wonder if I saw you at Hayes last summer, as I was there many times. Only those who have homesteaded know how one feels toward a fellow homesteader. Some people get the idea that a homsteader's life is a dreary, lonesome one, but it was not so with me, as it was so different from anything I was accustomed to. I learned to ride and to shoot. I enjoyed killing the rattlesnakes more than anything else, as they are a great pest.

I attended the Gas Belt Exposition at Pierre last fall, and saw hundreds of Indians who had come from the Cheyenne river to the exposition. They were dressed in the usual way, in shawls and moccasins and a great array of beads. One of my dearest friends was an Indian girl. She made and gave me a beautiful bead belt which I prize very highly.

Pierre is quite a busy little city. The new state house, when finished, will be quite nice. There are two large wells which furnish gas to light the city and a great many use it for cooking. At the present time there is only one railroad, but there will soon be another.

With best wishes to all the M. G. R.'s.—Thelma from Iowa.

I come from the Green Mountain state and have always lived in sight of the mountains that the state takes its name from. This year is the three hundredth anniversary of the date when Samuel Champlain first saw what he called "Monts verts"—green mountains. In honor of this, we are to have a celebration at Lake Champlain about the first of July.

I am teaching my sixth term of school now. I have learned to play a violin—more or less. My father has two organs, and I am learning to play one of those.—Green Mountain Boy.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

That song is sweetest, bravest, best,
Which plucks the thistle-barb of care
From a despondent brother's breast.
And plants a sprig of heart's ease there.

We can always find what we are watching and looking for. Remember this when you are inclined to jealousy or suspicion. Imagination works overtime when it gets started in the wrong direction.

Rosa—I am sorry, but I do not think your letter would be of interest to our vast number of readers. It is better suited to your town or county paper.

The M. G. R.'s have not been very busy writing letters these days. However, Jo March, The Little School Teacher, and Duma Wanski have written since last we came together. These are not very many, but we have "more yet" which have not been published.

Cornette—I know that good intentions back your suggestion, but it would not be wise to conduct in a newspaper the "experience meetings" you mention. Write again. We are always glad to hear from you.

Pioneer Experiences

"One summer afternoon in 1776, Jemima Boone and two sisters, named Callaway, while boating on the Kentucky, allowed their canoe to drift close to the opposite bank. Here, behind a bush, five Shawnee warriors were in hiding, and although the spot was not more than a quarter of a mile from Boonesborough, one of the Shawnees struck boldly out into the water, seized the canoe, and dragged it to shore with its screaming occupants.

"Once in the power of the Indians, however, these youthful daughters of the wilderness betrayed a wonderful self-possession and resourcefulness. They knew enough of Indian customs to realize that if their strength failed them, and they should prove unequal to the long march to the Shawnee towns on the Ohio, they would be slaughtered mercilessly. So they stifled their sobs, and calmly accompanied their captors without protest or struggle. At every opportunity, though, they secretly tore little pieces from their clothing and attached them to bushes on the trail. Nothing more was needed to inform Boone and his fellow settlers, who had quickly started in pursuit, that they were on the right track, and on the second day of the captivity they caught up with the Indians. A volley laid two Shawnees low, the rest fled, and by the close of another day the girls were safe in the arms of their thankful mothers."—H. Addington Bruce in an article on "Woman in the Making of America," in Smith's Magazine.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE MAID OF THE INN

By Robert Southey.

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor withered bosom, half-bare;
and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been;
The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew her, would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in Autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright,
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the abbey," his comrade repliied.
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

"I, myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead."

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied,
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint, if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge of her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win; for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And, as hollowly howling, it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grows in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough.—
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear—
She paused, and listened, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew; the hoarse ivy shook over her head:—
She listened; naught else could she hear.
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins—distinctly—the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there;
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear!

Then Mary could feel her heart's blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by.—
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd!—
She fell—and expected to die!

"Curse the hat!" he exclaimed; "Nay, come on and first hide
The dead body," his comrade replies;—
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
She gazed horribly eager around;
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, O God! what cold horror thrilled through her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
The traveler beholds it, and thinks with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS

By Will T. Hale.

Nay, don't forget the old folks, boys—
they've not forgotten you;
Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true;
And not an evening passes by they haven't the desire
To see your faces once again and hear your footsteps nigher.

You're young and buoyant, and for you
Hope beckons with her hands
And life spreads out a waveless sea that laps but tropic strands;
The world is all before your face, but let your memories turn
To where fond hearts still cherish you and loving bosoms yearn.

No matter what your duties are nor what your place in life,
There's never been a time they'd not assume your load of strife;
And shrunken shoulders, trembling hands, and forms racked by disease,
Would bravely dare the grave to bring to you the pearl of peace.

So don't forget the old folks, boys—
they've not forgotten you;
Though years have passed since you were home the old hearts still are true;
And write them now and then to bring the light into their eyes,
And make the world glow once again and bluer gleam the skies.

THE BONHOMME RICHARD

An American frigate from Baltimore came,
Her guns mounted forty, the Richard by name,
To cruise in the channel of old England with store,
With a noble commander—Paul Jones was the man.

We had not sailed long before we espy
A large forty-four and a twenty close by;
They were both noble vessels, well laden with store,
And our captain pursued them to the Yorkshire shore.

At the hour of twelve Pierce came alongside.
With a loud speaking-trumpet, "Where came you?" he cried.
"Quick give me an answer—I've you before—
Or this very instant a broadside pour."

The captain exclaimed, "My brave boys we'll not run;
Let every brave seaman stand close to the gun."
When a broadside was fired by the brave Englishmen,
And we buckskin heroes returned it again.

We fought them five hours, five hours most hot,
Until forty brave seamen lay dead on the spot,
And full seventy more lay bleeding their gore,
While the fiercest loud cannon on the Richard did roar.

A gunner, affrighted, to the captain came,
Saying, "Our ship is a-sinking, likewise in a flame!"
When the captain replied, in the height of his pride,
"If we can do no better we'll sink alongside."

But our shot flew so thick that they could not stand,
And the flag of proud Britain was forced to come down,
When the lion bore down and the Richard did rake,
Which caused the heart of brave Richard to ache.

"Now come, my brave buckskins, we've taken a prize,
A large forty-four and a twenty likewise;
They are both noble vessels, well laden with store,
And we'll toss off the can to our country once more.

"God help the poor widows who shall weep
For the loss of their husbands now sunk in the deep;
But we'll drink to brave Paul Jones, who with sword in hand,
Was foremost in action and gave the command."

THE YELLOW CAT

By Ira Hayes.

Well, old Mr. Johnson had a trouble his own;
He had an old yellow cat that would stay at home.
He did everything he knew for to keep the cat away;
He even gave it to a preacher and told him for to stay,
But the cat came back!

CHORUS.

The very next day the cat came back;
Thought he was a goner, but the cat came back,
Kase he couldn't stay away—the cat came back.

Well, old Mr. Johnson thought it would be best
For to give him to a nigger that was going out west.
As the train was going 'round the bend it struck a broken rail,
And not a blessed soul was saved.
But the cat came back!

Well, there was a man a-goin' up in a balloon,
And he told him for to give it to the man in the moon;
The balloon it did burst, so the people said,
And fifty miles away they picked the man up dead.
But the cat came back!

The cat had some company one night in the yard,
Somebody threw a bootjack, and he threw it mighty hard;
It hit the cat behind the ear and made an awful fright,
When along came a brickbat and knocked him out of sight.
But the cat came back!

Well, a man on the corner swore he'd hit the cat at sight;
He loaded up his musket with nails and dynamite;
He waited in the garden for the cat come around.
Half a dozen little pieces of the man was all they found.
But the cat came back!

POEMS REQUESTED

A "comrade" wishes some other "comrade" would send the song beginning:

Good news from home,
Good news from home
Has come across the deep blue sea.

The comic song, I Got Mine, is requested.

YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound

Rockland, Maine.—"I was troubled for a long time with pains in my back and side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged, and thought I should never get well. I read a testimonial about Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and thought I would try it. After taking three bottles was cured, and never felt so well in all my life. I recommend Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to my friends."—Mrs. Will Young, Columbia Avenue, Rockland, Me.

Backache is a symptom of female weakness or derangement. If you have backache, don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Cure the cause of these distressing aches and pains and you will become well and strong.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has restored health to thousands of women.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge.

RE HIS SKIN OFF

Shreds — Itching Was Intense — Sleep Was Often Impossible.

ED BY CUTICURA IN 3 WEEKS

first an eruption of small pus- commenced on my hands. These d later to other parts of my and the itching at times was in- so much so that I literally tore kin off in shreds in seeking re- The awful itching interfered with ork considerably, and also kept wake nights. I tried several doc- and used a number of different ents and lotions, but received ically no benefit. Finally I set- down to the use of Cuticura Soap, ura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the result that in a few days tching had ceased and in about weeks' time all traces of my ion had disappeared. I have had ouble of this kind since. H. A. skoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, November 18 and 28, 1907."

Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

HEARSE IS HISSED

ple Show Their Scorn for Dead Millionaire Merchant.

ris, June 11.—Not for several has Paris witnessed a spectacle uch pomp and magnificence as seen at the funeral of H. A. chard, proprietor of the Maga- du Louvre, from the Church of Madeleine. The church was be- d, and it is estimated that con- ably more than half a million le crowded the streets along h the funeral procession was to its way.

hile the good taste of M. chard's friends brought about suppression of the gorgeous XV. cavalcade that the de- d had planned, the obsequies carried out on a truly royal

Escort of Troops.

rting from his residence in the Velasquez, where the body had lying in state, the imposing pro- on, escorted by a squadron of ssiers and several battalions of try, literally forced its way gh the streets to the Madeleine. e hearse, which was drawn by lack horses, caparisoned in the ings of mourning, was preceded e funeral cars banked high with rest flowers, and 3,000 employes e Louvre store. The group of ners behind the hearse consisted y of beneficiaries under the will Chauchard, and his servants. carriage with closely drawn s was occupied by Madame Bour- who had been a close friend of Chauchard for something like years.

Hisses Are Heard.

e crowds enjoyed the funeral r as a spectacal than as a trib- Here and there hisses were d from the rougher classes, who been incited by the Socialist news- s. These journals have been sting M. Chauchard's limited ies to charities with those of me Boucicault, the widow of the rietor of the Bon Marche stores, a dozen years ago left her entire ne of $20,000,000 to the store oyes and religious and charita- institutions.

e services at the Madeleine were sing, and some of the most cele- d voices in France sang in the uses.

hen the procession, after leaving hurch, reached the working dis- near the Place de la Bastile and Place de la Republique many per- indulged in coarse jests and of the demonstrators were so le that the police were compelled ake several arrests.

OPE GIVES PRAISE

ds Achievements of the American College.

me, June 14.—The pope yesterday ved in audience Mgr. Falconio, olic delegate at Washington; bishop Farley, of New York; bishop O'Connell, of Boston; bishop Blenk, of New Orleans, Titular Archbishop Seton, of He- lis, as well as the various Ameri- bishops who have been in attend- on the golden jubilee of the rican college.

r. Kennedy, director of the col- introduced Dr. Wall, of New president of the Alumni asso- n of the college, who delivered address, to which the pope re- ied. His Holiness gave high e to the college, saying that if 70,000,000 Americans one quarter e number were of Catholic faith, s due especially to the first mis- ry from the propaganda and to s, more than 600 of whom had provided by the American col-

The Humorous Goat.

goat he ate a rubber shoe, d softly did he hum, ys, I am doing nothing new, simply chewing gum."

—Syracuse Herald.

at People's Summer Dangers.

duce One Pound Daily. Improve in Health and Appearance.

Heat Prostration, Sunstroke or Apoplexy causing quick **Death** or followed by **Softening of the Brain, Heart Disease, Stomach Cramps, Food Poisoning, Severe Bowel Disorders, General Debility** and Complete **Lacking of Vital Energy** are a few of the serious troubles which are most liable to come upon the fat man or woman during warm, humid weather. Apart from these **dangerous disorders,** there are numerous lesser yet distressing ailments such as skin rash, chafing, offensive perspiration, nervousness, headaches, flatulency, etc. **Hot weather is very weakening and depressing for fat people;** it is seldom possible to be really contented. It is difficult to work, think or enjoy one's self. The body becomes even larger, the **fat is packed-in** more tightly than ever, around the vital organs and dangerous trouble is thereby stored up for the future. **Fat people die 10 to 40 years too soon.** Reliable statistics of medical authorities and of leading insurance companies prove that overstout people die much earlier than those who

FATNESS SHORTENS LIFE!

of normal weight. **Obesity** (corpulency) is an acknowledged **disease. It ruins health, figure, ection, temper** and peace of mind. It **never cures itself** but becomes worse as the person grows the time to check its progress and **get rid of superfluous fat** is now. **Mine is the reliable, d quick home treatment.** I have thousands of testimonials; here are a few:

"I R. WILLIAMS, LONGSTREET, O., writes: "Your treatment has helped me wonderfully. I have lost 50 lbs." "I have not gained any." A permanent reduction cure. Many other testimonials accompany my Proof Treatment. G. MEYER, EVERETT, IOWA, writes: "My waist measure has been reduced 6 inches; all superfluous fat is gone." BUCKLEY, 235 FIFTH ST., PORTLAND, ORE., writes: "I was your patient several years ago and am still at the weight to which I was reduced." **SUMMER IS THE BEST SEASON FOR FAT REDUCTION.**

EE Treatment

now the merits of my method so well that I will roof treatment free. **No starvation;** you can kind of food or drink any kind of beverage you to irksome **exercising.** Absolutely **no drugs.** Mine is a **modern, scientific, ful, guaranteed system.** In many cases reduction is **one pound daily.** Correspond- treatment sent confidential, nobody need know reduce me your size and improving your appear- es you choose to tell. **Ladies** will find mine an beautifying method; **double-chin and ies disappear.** Weight reduction is perma- member, you pay nothing for proof treatment; to fat people, men or women for the asking, where. Write to-day and you will receive ANTEE **FREE TREATMENT,** also my and my very interesting **BOOK ON** showing how to quickly and safely re- your weight to normal without losing a mo- from your regular occupation. *I am a regu- physician of New York State.* Address:

R. BRADFORD, M. D., 20 East 22d St., N 89, New York, N. Y.

HAINS, AN EXILE, ROAMS THE SEAS

New York, June 14.—T. Jenkins Hains, novelist, short story writer, seaman and defendant in one of the Hains murder trials, has disappeared. Under some other name he is making his living as a sailor once more, but no one knows what ship he is aboard or whither he is bound. Not even his parents or brothers have any idea as to his whereabouts, and not one of them ever expects to hear from him again. He was last seen in Washington. He was then heading for some distant port to get aboard ship to leave his country forever.

Hains left his little daughter Mollie with his parents and signed a document giving her to the general, his father, and a lien on all royalties coming from his books. He went to sea "dead broke," to eat sailorman's grub, to do sailorman's work, and to sleep in a sailorman's bunk.

Since the killing of William E. Annis at the Bayside Yacht club over a year ago Hains has been persona non grata with his publishers. One magazine at least that had accepted his stories paid for them in advance and subsequently failed to print them. Men who once were eager to get stories from him and to be received by him as his friends avoided him after his trial at Flushing.

DROPS ON CHINESE

Stout Inspector Lands on Nine Naked Heathens.

Seattle, Wash., June 14.—Immigration officers after finding on the wharf a Chinese who admitted that he came over a stowaway on the Great Northern liner Minnesota, searched the vessel today and discovered nine more coolies and a quantity of silk and cigars. Inspector Keagy, who is a heavy man, stepped into the locker of the steamer and fell 20 feet through a hole in the floor, alighting on top of nine nude Chinese. Further investigation brought to light several leather sacks resembling government mail pouches, filled with raw silk and a number of boxes of expensive Manila cigars. The bags of silk are supposed to have been taken aboard with the mail sacks.

WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING BALD?

Here's a Specialist Who Says It Is Unnecessary, and Proves It.

Baltimore June 15.—The intense interest in the wonderful work that is being accomplished in Baltimore and other cities by William Chas. Keene, president of the Lorrimer Institute, continues unabated. Many cases of baldness and faded hair of years' standing have been remedied by the remarkablye preparation being distributed from Mr. Keene's laboratory, and its fame is spreading far and wide and thousands of persons are using this remarkable hair food with gratifying results.

What makes this treatment more popular is the fact that free trial outfits are sent by mail prepaid. Those who wish to try it are strongly advised to write to Mr. Keene, at the Lorrimer Institute, Branch 351, Baltimore, Md. They will receive the full trial outfit free of charge and much useful information about the hair which will put them on the road to a rapid and certain improvement.

INDIANA WINS

Balloon Was Aloft 48 Hours, While University City Went the Longest Distance.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 9.—Carl G. Fisher, of Indianapolis, pilot of the balloon Indiana in the national balloon race, has won the trophy which he offered to the aeronaut staying longest in the air.

Mr. Fisher said last night, over the telephone from Nasville, Tenn., that he landed Monday night about seven miles from Tennessee City, Tenn. According to this information the balloon had been in the air 48 hours since its flight from the motor speedway Saturday afternoon. Mr. Fisher said the Indiana had made two stops, but in neither case had touched the ground.

The balloon University City has apparently won the distance contest, having traveled about 375 miles, while the Indiana traveled 230 miles.

"Yes, we are safe," said Mr. Fisher over the telephone, "thanks to the poor marksmanship of a number of farmers. They began firing on us when we were in Brown county, Indiana, and have kept up the target practice ever since. It has been a regular fusillade down here in Tennessee."

Mr. Fisher and his aide, G. L. Bumbaugh, will leave Nashville for Indianapolis today.

ENDS HIS LABORS

Rev Edward Everett Hale, Famous Clergyman and Writer, Dies at Advanced Age.

Boston, June 10.—The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States senate, died at his home in Roxbury today. He was one of the foremost Unitarian clergymen of the country, founder of the Lend-a-Hand society and author of The Man Without a Country.

Few knew that Dr. Hale was ill. A week ago he was present at a celebration in honor of the 90th birthday of

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, his contemporary in many of the reform movements with which both had been identified for more than fifty years. To his family it had been apparent for some time that Dr. Hale's health was failing. A few days ago heart weakness was noticed, and his condition became alarming. His great age, 87 years, militated against him. Yesterday, however, he was up and about his apartment. In fact he had not been confined to his bed at any stage of his illness. He retired at the usual time last evening, but his physician had noted evidences that led him to warn the immediate members of the family that the end was not far off. As the night passed Dr. Hale constantly became weaker, until the end came, about 3 o'clock this morning.

Grouped about Dr. Hale's bedside when he died were Mrs. Hale, his wife; Philip L. Hale, his son; Ellen, his daughter, and the family physician.

Dr. Hale was born in this city in April, 1822, and by training, education and tradition he represented throughout the 87 years of his life the spirit of the founders of the Massachusetts bay colony. He was graduated from Harvard in 1839. He was actively connected with the Boston Advertiser many years ago, and his first charge as a clergyman was a church in Worcester. He was a prolific writer and had for years been allied with the principal philanthropic movements of the city, state and nation.

Respected by Senators.

Washington, June 10.—Dr. Hale had been chaplain of the United States senate since 1893. His selection at that time to fill a vacancy was generally regarded as a high tribute to his accomplishments and intellectual ability.

Since his appointment he has been a very consistent attendant upon the sessions of the senate and his invocation at the opening of each day's proceeding was so marked by eloquence, a keep appreciation of the events of the day and a warm sympathy with the sufferers of humanity at large that few of the senators failed to be in their seats when the gavel fell.

Serious inroads first appeared in his health about the beginning of the present calendar year; he was rather feeble on inauguration day and finally, in the first week of May, he became so ill as to be obliged to cancel his engagement to deliver the invocation upon the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Longfellow in this city. He left Washington several days before that ceremony, never to return.

JAPS PLOT FOR CONTROL

Would Get Their Grip on Internal Affairs of the Hawaiian Islands.

Honolulu, June 12.—Evidence of what officers say is a concerted movement on the part of Japanese of Hawaii to control the sugar industry and thus dominate the internal affairs of the island through their number and power, was disclosed when the offices of the Jiji, a Japanese newspaper of Honolulu, and the offices of the Japanese High Wage association were entered by officers armed with search warrants, and letters, reports and other documents were seized.

Following confiscation of the papers, an application for a writ of habeas corpus entered in behalf of Makimo, Negoro and Soga, alleged leaders of the sugar plantation strikers who were arrested, was rejected by the court.

Would Wrest Control.

It is asserted that the papers found indicate that a conspiracy of a widespread nature was to be formed among Japanese to wrest control of affairs from the white residents and conduct the internal government in their own interests.

The letters and reports found in the offices of the High Wage association, which has the financial betterment of the Japanese laborers as its object, are from members and agents of the association in various parts of the islands.

They express the belief that the strike of the Japanese plantation workers offers an opportunity for the Japanese of the islands, by virtue of their numbers, to demonstrate their power to control the sugar industry and through that the general affairs of the islands.

Appeal to Patriotism.

An appeal to all Japanese, in the name of their native country, to aid in this movement, is said to be conveyed in the letters. The authorities are preparing translations of the papers seized, to be used, it is said, as evidence of the alleged conspiracy.

While the court was deliberating on the first habeas corpus petition, a thousand Japanese gathered about the court house. The gathering was orderly, but cheered for the prisoners whenever they came in sight.

A second petition was filed later by the prisoners, but it did not come up for decision.

FIVE-MINUTE TERM

Chicago, June 14.—William Dollar, of Iowa, stole three chickens last April from a hen coop in Berwin, and today was sentenced to five minutes in the county jail. Judge McSurely imposed the short term sentence because Dollar has been in jail since April 21 awaiting trial.

THERE'S A PLANET BEYOND NEPTUNE, SAYS FLAMMARION

New York, June 11.—Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, writing from the obscervatory of Juvivsy in the New York Herald, says:

Thirty years ago, in 1879, in the first edition of my work, Popular Astronomy, I announced the possible, nay, even probable, existence of an unidentified planet gravitating beyond Neptune, at an immense distance from the sun. Since that time I have repeatedly developed this hypothesis. In the meantime the same idea has been entertained by different astronomers, who by diverse methods have reached results more or less analogous to those disclosed by myself. These results in the last few months have been presented to the general public, but in slightly erroneous form, giving rise to the supposition that they indicate the discovery of a new trans-Neptune world, either visually or by means of photography. Such a conception is premature.

But although no human eye has ever yet seen a planet beyond Neptune the probability of the existence of such a star is based on calculations sufficiently reasonable to be accorded the highest consideration.

It may be remembered that the world of Neptune, which gravitates at a distance of 4,478 millions of kilometres from the common center of the planetary orbits, was discovered in 1846 by Leverrier, after the analysis of the irregularities observed in the transit of Uranus around the sun. These irregularities, calculated and recorded with certitude even before Leverrier considered the problem, proved the existence of a trans-Uranian planet. The eminent French mathematician showed conclusively where this planet should be found in the heavens to produce such perturbations as had been observed, and as a matter of fact it was discovered at the very point where calculation had placed it.

Movement of the Planets.

Such observations as have been made of Neptune since the moment of its discovery have not yet revealed disturbances sufficient to form a guide for astronomers in determining the existence of a planet still further removed in space. But the fact that such a planet must exist is proved for us by a phenomenon of another order, in other words, by the movement of the comets.

The nebulous nature of comets, the hyperbolical orbits which they describe and which relegate them finally to the infinite whence they arise, the great elongation of the ellipses described in their periodic movements, the inclination of their path to the plane of the solar system, an inclination sometimes so elevated that they are precipitated perpendicularly toward this plane from far distant heights of space, all this coincides in indicating to us that in these stars which are still so mysterious, in these eternal celestial travelers, there are nebulosities foreign to our system which circulate throughout the immensity of space while they wander from sun to sun.

Let us in thought launch a projectile into the infinite void, in ay direction and with any conceivable degree of speed. Let us suppose that there are neither suns nor planets to attract this projectile, that nothing stands in its way to exert an influence upon it, that thus once started on its way it will never stop. It progresses then without deviation from its course, with no decrease in its celerity, eternally rushing onward in a direct line. Centuries added to centuries shall see it continuing blindly in its journey, varying not an iota from this path, though tens of thousands of ages shall have passed.

Thus, though somewhat less blindly, and less insensibly, do comets revolve in space. But when they arrive in sight of a sun instead of speeding onward in a straight line from afar they acknowledge the attraction of this star and quickly incline their trajectory toward it. Gradually they draw near to its fiery surface, as if they desired to reanimate an existence which seems to have been extinguished in the frigid obscurity of interstellar space, and they precipitate themselves toward this sun, glowing with an ardor ever increasing and developing as they approach nearer and nearer. But as they possess a personal, initial speed foreign to that which the solar attraction imparts to them, they do not plunge into its flaming depths, but retain a species of individuality of their own, and, after rounding the brilliant star in the ephemeral summer's journey of their perihelion, they resume their parabolic or hyperbolic course, which gradually bears them on to the sombre glacial abyss of infinity.

From Sun to Sun.

Tossed from sun to sun like a butterfly, as it were, that flies from one spot of light to another, they wander thus without ever finding a point of rest save for one exceptional circumstance, a means being sometimes provided by the presence of a planet not far from the trajectory that they describe in approaching the sun or in moving away from it.

In fact, if one of these vagabonds of the heavens passes in proximity to a planet it finds itself deviating from its initial trajectory and it is possessed in its passage with a new source of attraction. It does not stop, it is true; it pursues its journey toward the sun, but it retains in its breast this new influence, and when it shall have made the tour around the fiery star it will be compelled to return to the precise point where it first underwent the compulsion of this attraction. The sarabola is then transformed into an ellipse, the bend is made permanent, locked, as it were, and the prisoner must revolve within it without power of escape unless the planet which captured it, or some other one, shall release it in exerting upon it a disturbing force contrary to the first, as Jupiter did in the case of Lexell's comet in 1770.

The comet may, however, escape from this imprisonment, it is true, by "dying," or by dissolving itself, but this is a desperate expedient, rarely employed save in the last extremity.

Whatever may be the final result, however, this is, in scientific and very simple language, the origin of periodic comets. Besides, all those whose return has been observed have their aphelion situated toward the orbit of a large planet. It has thus been noted that Jupiter has cantured 11, Saturn 1, Uranus 2 and Neptune 8. Between the field of influence of Jupiter and that of Saturn none is found, nor between Saturn and Uranus nor Uranus and Neptune. The reason is plain.

Now, among the periodic comets of which the elements have been definitely determined there is one which leads us in thought far beyond the bounds of the solar system as at present imagined. This is the comet of 1862, which follows the same course as the swarm of shooting stars of the month of August, and of which the aphelion (that is, the point on the orbit farthest away from the solar heat center) carries us to forty-nine times the distance of the earth from the sun, Neptune gravitating at thirty times that distance.

Thus, basing our results on the principles expounded above on the origin of the introduction of periodic comets into our solar system, this comet of 1862 and the path followed by the shooting stars of August 10, we are forced to accept the existence of the invisible planet to which they owe their rights as citizens of the city of the sun. This much we can say today with certainty: There is a planet beyond Neptune, a planet unknown, far away, careening through space about seven milliards of kilometers from the sun, making a complete revolution in about three hundred and thirty years.

Existence Almost Certain.

Is this transneptunian planet, of whose existence we may be almost as certain as if it had been already discovered, the only one which exists in the depth of space? Probably no. That we were born in the neighborhood of the sun proves nothing. Between Neptune and our neighbor "Alpha," or Centaur, there is a distance seventy-four times that between Neptune and the sun. That immense space is, undoubtedly, not without worlds. Other groups of cometary aphelions have been noted at distances of seventy and one hundred and seven times that from the earth to the sun, and even beyond, but every one knows that the more distant the aphelion of an ellipse the more the ellipse approaches the parabola and the less sure is the orbit.

Since the time (1879) when I first emitted the idea of the existence of a transneptunian planet, gravitating at the distance of the aphelion of the swarm of shooting stars of August 10, Mr. Forbes, of Edinburgh, has developed to a considerable extent the same problem, applying it to several transneptunian planets. Again, Mr. William Pickering has sought the position of the planet by calculations based on the perturbations of Neptune and Uranus; Mr. Gaillot by the perturbations of Uranus, and Mr. Hans Lau by the same method. We shall have something more to say shortly on this interesting subject.

3 STEAMERS DAMAGED

Canadian Locks at the Soo Wrecked and Water Rushes In on Vessels.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., June 9.—The Canadian locks were wrecked this afternoon. The steamer Assiniboia, of the C. P. R. line, and a freighter of the Gilchrist line were locking up, when suddenly one of the leaves gave way, and the water from the higher level rushed in, sweeping both boats an the lower gates before it.

Both vessels were damaged, and the Assiniboia now lies on the bottom a few hundred feet below the lower entrance. The freighter is still in the approach to the lock, but damaged.

The flood from the upper level is pouring through the canal at a terrific pace. Efforts to lower the movable dam above the upper gates are being made.

Steamer Empire City, of the Steel Trust, was hit by the Assiniboia and she was swept out of the lock, and has a big hole in her bow. She reached the American side, and is tied up at the government pier, where she is slowly sinking.

HE USES AUTO NOW

Columbus, June 14.—General J. S. Coxey, the commander of the commonweal army in its march to Washington in 1895, took out a state automobile license this morning for a 24-horsepower machine in which he proposes to take a trip to Washington.

"I am glad to pay it," said he. "I was the originator of the good roads idea. The license fee ought to be higher. He asked for a number with 13 in it and was given 17,713.

No Matter

what Liver or Bowel medicine you are using, stop it *now.* Get a 10c box—week's treatment—of CASCARETS today from your druggist and learn how easily, naturally and delightfully your liver can be made *to work,* and your *bowels* move every day. There's *new life* in every box. CASCARETS are nature's helper. You will *see the difference!* 883

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

POLICE GET MAIL THIEVES

Believe Nest of Robbers Is Broken Up by Three Arrests.

Boston, June 10.—In the arrest of Edward C. Dano, who is charged with robbing a private mail box and the raiding of an alleged opium resort, the police claim to have unearthed a gang of men and women which they believe to have been concerned in robbing mail boxes in Boston and New York since May.

William Gordon, who was with Dano, made his escape, but later was captured in a house with a woman he claimed as his wife, and Edith Nelson. The inmates of the house were placed under arrest on the charge of conducting an opium resort.

In an investigation of the premises Police Inspector Jennings discovered mail matter which had been opened with checks drawn upon many concerns, including the Enterprise National Bank, Charleston, S. C.; Essex county bank of New Jersey, Union National bank of Philadelphia; East Side State bank of Minneapolis, Minn., and the Union Savings Bank & Trust Co., of Cincinnati, O.

RUNS ON MUD BANK

New Battleship Is Not Damaged.

Washington, June 14.—When it was admitted at the navy department today that the new battleship Michigan went aground off Cape Cod during her trial trip, denial was made to the report that her propeller was badly damaged and that it would be necessary for her to return to drydock for repairs before continuing the trials.

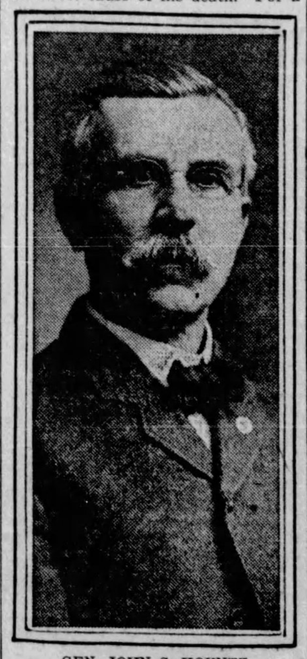
An official report of the grounding has been received at the department from Rear Admiral McLean, president of the board of inspection and survey, who is representing the department during the official trials. It is said that the vessel barely touched the mud bottom and no difficulty was experienced in floating her. No serious damage resulted. The vessel is still in the hands of her builders, the New York Shipbuilding company, not yet having been accepted by the government.

CIVIL WAR HERO DEAD

Gen. John S. Kountz Died at Home in Toledo Monday Morning.

General John S. Kountz, hero of the civil war and past commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, died at his home, 327 Twelfth street, at 1:30 Monday morning. He had been afflicted with Bright's disease for a year, although it had not reached an acute stage.

Several weeks ago he was taken suddenly ill, and, according to the attending physician, typhoid fever was the direct cause of his death. For a



GEN. JOHN S. KOUNTZ.

week he had been hovering between life and death, and yesterday sank into a comatose condition from which he failed to rally.

A son, John S. Kountz, Jr., is on his way from Seattle, Wash., and until he reaches home the funeral will not be definitely arranged, although it will probably be Thursday morning from St. Francis de Sales' church.

General Kountz had been failing gradually in health for a year, but still continued as head of the firm of the Kountz, Stieg & Co., insurance and real estate firm. He was taken suddenly ill about six weeks ago, while in his office, and was taken to his home in a carriage. He rallied, however, from the attack, and was able to go to his down-town office occasionally.

The serious break came three weeks ago, and since last Friday he had been hovering between life and death.

War Hero's Record.

In his record for service for his country, General Kountz stood conspicuously among the heroes, who, against the disadvantages of immature years and lack of physical qualifications, yet pressed their way into the union army during the war of the rebellion and won distinction.

General Kountz was born in Maumee March 25, 1846, and at the age of fifteen enlisted in the Thirty-seventh Ohio Volunteer Infantry, a regiment made up entirely of German-Americans that responded to the call of Lincoln for 300,000 men in August, 1861, and were in the field by the last of September.

Too young to bear arms, the lad enlisted as drummer in Company G, made up largely of men from his home town, and in September he marched proudly away the pride of the regiment, and later to become the hero known as the Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge.

He served gallantly in all the marches and campaigns of the regiment and in the memorable battle of Mission Ridge, November 25, 1863, when the conflict became so fierce that the drum corps was ordered to the rear. The soldier lad threw away his drum, and, falling in line with Company G, was shot down at the first assault. In the face of a murderous fire William Smith, of Maumee, rescued the wounded lad, who was lying close to the enemy's line his leg shattered at the hip.

The rescue of a comrade from death by drowning was another incident in General Kountz's war record that proved his bravery, but the amputation of his shattered leg ended his career as a soldier and he returned to his old home in Maumee when he recovered. He attended school for some time and then entered the county treasurer's office.

In 1871 at the age of 25 General Kountz was elected county treasurer, and at the end of his term was elected county recorder. After retiring from public office he engaged in the fire insurance business in which he continued until stricken by fatal illness. He became one of the leading underwriters of the city and was president of the board of fire underwriters for some time.

Active in Grand Army.

The organization of the Grand Army of the Republic began soon after the close of the war, and from its beginning in 1866 to the present time General Kountz was prominent in the movement. He was the first adjutant of Forsyth Post, G. A. R., and served three terms. Later he was quartermaster and then post commander for three terms.

In 1881 he was chosen department commander of Ohio. Under his administration the membership of the department increased from 1,900 to 8,000. He was a familiar figure in the national encampments and in 1885, at Minneapolis was chosen commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.

General Kountz was a member of the national pension committee of the G. A. R. and was also a member of the Vicksburg park commission.

One of the important incidents that marked General Kountz's term of office as commander-in-chief was his successful effort, in connection with general Rosecrans to induce Rome to remove the G. A. R. from the list of secret societies upon which the church had placed a ban.

While the organization had not been directly forbidden to Catholics, the question arose in sections of the country and considerable friction resulted until this decision came from Rome and forever settled the question.

As a private citizen General Kountz was interested in various movements for the material progress of the city. He was at one time chairman of the manufacturers' committee of the Citizens' Board of Trade, and in other ways was prominent in the development of the city.

Surviving Family.

He was maried September 21, 1868, to Sarah Hadnett, of Maumee, who died in 1875 leaving two children. He was married in 1879 to Agnes Jane Dennison who survives him. Of his children the oldest son, Fred, died nine years ago. His surviving children are Walter who was engaged with his father in business; Charles, an attorney; John, of Seattle, Wash.; Sarah F. Agnes, William, Helen and Catherine Kountz.

Gen. Kountz was a member of St. Francis de Sales' church and Toledo Council Knights of Columbus and of St. Vincent's Hospital society.

TURKS ARE VICTORS

London, June 14.—An Athens dispatch to a London news bureau says that advices from Uskup, European Turkey, report a fierce engagement at Djakovitch, in northern Albania, between a force of 10,000 Albanians and twelve battalions of Turkish troops. According to the dispatch, the Albanians were repulsed by the deadly fire of the Turkish artillery. The Turkish government is hurrying twelve additional battalions to the scene of the trouble.

TO BREAK BLACK HAND

Federal Officials Positive Leaders Are Now in Custody in This State.

Cleveland, June 12.—"I believe that we have the right men and that through them we may be able to break up the so-called Black Hand society which has been preying upon the wealthy Italians in the central states," United States Attorney William Day announced today at the close of a conference with postal inspectors.

The conference was the result of the ten arrests that have been made in various parts of the state this week. The men taken into custody are believed by the federal officers to be the leaders of the Italian blackmailers in Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana and Illinois. The prosecutions will be conducted by Attorney Day. He said he now is firmly of the opinion that there is an actual organization of Black Handers and that the evidence in his hands would result in many more arrests soon.

Today's conference was attended by Postoffice Inspectors J. F. Oldfield, George Bate, A. P. Owen, O. C. Hosford, and E. F. Hutches, who have conducted the investigations and effected the arrests.

Expect Further Arrests.

The inspectors turned over to District Attorney Day scores of letters found in possession of Salvator Lima, of Marion. These letters, Mr. Day said, would lead to other arrests.

"These letters lead us to believe there is an actual organization among the Italian blackmailers, with its headquarters at Marion, and that it had its murderous tendrils reaching as far east as Rochester, N. Y., with a nest of them in and about Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus, Indianapolis and Chicago, with minor agencies in the smaller towns intervening," the United States attorney said.

"I am not of the opinion," he continued, "that there is any actual connection, however, between the Ohio gang and the gangs that operate in New oYrk city and the New England states, or southern or western states. The evidence now in hand does not lead that far, although there may be interesting developments.

"They are a dangerous lot, and should be exterminated. Having charge of the prosecutions, I shall do all possible to wipe them out. They have been responsible for more depraations than the public knows. They have extorted thousands of dollars from frightened Italians. They have assaulted and murdered. The use of dynamite is merely one of their artifices."

Began Search March 1.

The inspectors began work upon the case March 1, immediately following the attempt to extort $10,000 from John Amicon, of Columbus. Inspector Oldfield, who has been in charge of the investigation, would give no details as to the course taken, but stated that his search soon led to Salvator Lima, of Marion, who was under surveillance for several weeks before an arrest was made. He was taken to Toledo and is now out on bail.

Mr. Oldfield said that a few Sundays ago a meeting was held in Dennison, between Lima and other Italians, including a Dennison fruit dealer. The next day, Oldfield said, Lima sent $2,000 to relatives in Italy. Oldfield said that letters found in the possession of Lima led to the other arrests.

The men in custody include Salvatore Lima, Salvatore Rizzo and Joseph Batagalia, of Marion; August Marfisi, Antonio Vaccarrio and Charles Vaccarrio, of Dennison; Joseph and Antonio Nuzzo, of Cleveland, and Antonio Bicherio and Sam Ventola, of Columbus.

All have been arraigned, pleaded not guilty, and their bonds fixed. Some gave bond and other still are in jail. Their hearings will be held next week, which doubtisss will result in most of them being brought over to the federal grand jury.

All who are indicted will be prosecuted upon the charge of conspiracy and using the mails to defraud.

Inspector Oldfield said that when Charles Vaccarrio, of Dennison, was arrested at Bellefontaine, they found in his room four shotguns, six revolvers, several stilettos, and several sacks filled with ammunition, some of which was "home made."

DROPS THE GREEN

Postmaster Returns to Old Blue Special Stamp.

Washington, June 10.—As a matter of imperative necessity Postmaster General Hitchcock has decided to discontinue the new green special delivery stamp and return to the familiar blue stamp showing a special delivery messenger boy mounted on a bicycle.

In the great rush with which the mails must be handled many letters bearing the new stamp have escaped treatment as special delivery matter because of its similarity in size and color to the 1-cent stamp.

In some instances delays in delivery of such letters have caused serious loss to the public and embarrassment to the postoffice department. The issuance of the blue stamp will begin at once.

20 DROWN IN TORPEDO BOAT

St. Petersburg, June 12.—The submarine torpedo boat Kambala, of the Russian navy, has been sunk in a storm in the Black sea, while the boat was undergoing trials. Twenty members of her crew, including the captain, first lieutenant and chief engineer perished.

How to Keep Your Hair Young and Beautiful.

By Mabel Graham.

I know that every woman desires beautiful hair, and if they will follow my rules they will have as long, soft and fluffy hair as I have. In the first place I wash my head well once or twice a month with a shampoo made as follows: Take half of a ten-cent cake of pure castile soap, shave fine, dissolve this in half a pint of water with aid of gentle heat; when dissolved beat in the yolk of one egg and juice of one lemon; stir until cold. Rub a little of this into the roots of the hair, and rinse thoroughly with warm water and dry. I also use a quinine hair tonic freely, which keeps the scalp clean and the hair in a beautiful and healthy condition, and is especially good for dandruff and falling hair. I find the best tonic can be made by mixing a half pint of alcohol with half a pint of water and adding one ounce of beta quinol (liquid). This makes a quinine hair tonic better than the high-priced imported makes, and a whole pint only costs 65 to 75 cents. I am sure if every lady will try this recipe they will always have young and beautiful hair, and plenty of it.

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Our population increases a million each year. Our land area doesn't increase an acre. That's why it pays to buy good farm lands now in the

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Everybody knows that the United States is growing fast.

Few persons realize that our population increases **a million a year!**

That's the average annual rate of growth since the last census. Part of this is excess of births over deaths. The remainder comes from foreign immigration.

These "million-a-year" new mouths all must be fed with food from our farms. These "million-a-year" new bodies all must be clothed with other farm products.

Factories are necessary, but they only take what the land produces and make it into food and clothes.

Always the **demand is greater**, year by year, for what the earth can grow. The supply of land remains about the same. To be sure the cultivable area is added to a little, but it does not keep pace with the added population.

Just a simple sum in arithmetic: Amount of land a fixed quantity; population rapidly growing; result—**land goes up in price.**

In most European countries values are so high that landless farmers are compelled to seek the cheaper lands of this country. If only one-quarter of the foreign immigration finds its way to the agricultural lands of the United States, it takes a big acreage off the market every year. What's left is worth more.

The Eastern farmer seeks the Middle West. The Middle West farmer pushes on to the Far West. **No longer is there a frontier.** And salaried city men, country-bred, are buying small farms, too.

The day of so-called "cheap" lands is almost gone. There are still a few score thousand homesteads left in the semi-arid region, which ultimately can be made productive by irrigation.

Dry farming is adding other **areas** to the crop-producing territory.

But these, though welcomed, are only a drop in the bucket.

Land is the **basis of all values**, so why not get in now on the "ground floor?" Temporary periods of stationary prices may come. For a long hold—ten, fifteen, twenty years—your Southwest farm, if bought right, will surely double or **quadruple in value**, to say nothing of crops raised meanwhile.

The Santa Fe has no land to sell. Its business is to haul passengers and freight. It wishes, however, to help build up the communities along its lines.

Write me to-day, for our Southwest land folders, describing Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California—the best part of the best country on earth. They tell the truth. Say which section you are most interested in. Give your full name and address. I will also **send you** our immigration journal, *The Earth*, **six months free.**

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12 QUARTS

Return this ad. with $1.25 and we will ship prepaid, 12 bottles "Purest" Extracts, sufficient to make in your own home, 12 full quarts of fine Rye, Corn, Gin or Apple Brandy. (State kind preferred.) No distilling—no boiling—no trouble—no apparatus. Guaranteed under pure food and drugs act, Serial No. 36618. Money refunded if not as represented. American Export Company, (Southern Branch,) Jacksonville, Fla.

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FISH BITE any season if you use the old reliable **Sure-Bite-Fish-Lure.** Lots of imitations but none equal. It keeps you busy pulling them out. Write today for a box. Agents wanted. J. R. Hoch Co., 506 C Spring St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Your Name, Lock of Hair, and date of birth, as clairvoyant, test 10c, as astrologist, full reading, $1.00, with two prominent symptoms, as physician will diagnose and give months treatment for $5.00. Mm. Montez, P. O. Box 877, Toledo, O

Save Your Hair. Would you invest $1.00 to save your hair if you knew that a bottle of Knobauld would prevent your hair from falling out and cure your scalp of dandruff? Knobauld Chemical Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Marry—Quick results. Send descriptions with 25 cents. Moffett & Orahood, West Mansfield, O.

SMASHES IN DOOR

Arkansas Governor Seizes New Capitol.

Little Rock, Ark., June 15.—Governor Donaghey and two members of the state commission have formally taken possession of the uncompleted capitol after breaking through a door which had been locked by the contractors, Caldwell & Drake, of Columbus, Ind., whom the legislature ordered discharged. The governor left structural engineers in charge of the building. Today George W. Caldwell, of Caldwell & Drake, declared that his firm still had possession of the building.

The new capitol, which has cost nearly $1,000,000 already, and which engineers say is only about half completed, has been the bone of political contention in Arkansas for years. Legislators have been charged in the courts with grafting in connection with the capitol appropriations and Governor Donaghey was elected governor on the capitol question. He, as a contractor, has been opposing Caldwell & Drake in the construction of the building for years.

TO DOCK MICHIGAN

New Battleship Only Slightly Injured.

Philadelphia, June 15.—The battleship Michigan, which grounded off the Massachusetts coast last week during her trial trip and bent one of her propellers, will be docked at the Philadelphia navy yard for repairs.

President May, of the New York Ship Building company, says the injury to the Michigan was very slight. The hull was not damaged and he said the ship could, without doubt, have completed the official test without making repairs, but it was decided to have it in the best possible condition before the 24-hour endurance trial.

HEINZE INDICTED FOR CONSPIRACY

New York, June 15.—The federal grand jury today handed down indictments against F. Augustus Heinze, head of the United Copper company, his brother, Arthur P. Heinze, and Sanford Robinson, Heinze' s counsel, charging conspiracy and alleging an attempt to obstruct the administration of justice by spiriting away the books of the United Copper company while the company was under federal scrutiny and also by interfering with United States marshals in the performance of their duty.

MANY CENTURIES OLD

Lizard Taken Alive From Prison of Rock.

Great Falls, Mont., June 15.—In a coal mine near here yesterday, Moses Martindale, a miner, uncovered a lizard about nine feet from the surface and embedded in the solid rock.

There is no conceivable method by which the lizard could have entered the cavity, since nature closed the gap thousands of years ago.

When first uncovered the reptile was torpid. When brought to the light, however, it showed more signs of life. There is no evidence that it has been affected injuriously by its long fast and imprisonment in the solid rock.

SERVANTS GET MONEY

Millionaire's Daughter Is Given Only a Table.

Newark, N. J., June 15.—A dining room table, "valued at $15," is the sole bequest made to an only daughter in the will of Mrs. Frances Hartley, widow of a millionaire gun manufacturer.

The will was probated here yesterday. More than $1,000,000 in cash is distributed among relatives and friends, and several bequests of from $1,000 to $5,000 are made to servants who attended her in her home at West Orange, N. J., where she died in April.

No reason is given for the cutting off of the daughter, Mrs. Helen K. Jenkins, of New York City.

DEFIES THE LAW

Cardinal Refuses to Appear in French Court.

Bordeaux, June 15.—Cardinal Andrieu, who has been summoned to court, charged with having incited a breach of the laws by the allocution he pronounced at the cathedral on the occasion of his enthronement, has sent a letter to the judge in which he formally refuses to appear in court to answer any charge in connection with the separation law. The cardinal writes:

"That law became non-existent for Catholics the minute their supreme chief, the incorruptible guardian of the morals of individuals and nations, condemned it as inimical to the property, authority and liberty of the church."

LEUPP RESIGNS

Gives Up Indian Affairs Position.

Washington, June 15.—The resignation of Francis E. Leupp as commissioner of Indian affairs, which had been pending since March 4th, was accepted today by President Taft and Robert G. Valentine, assistant commissioner, was named to succeed him. Mr. Leupp has wanted to retire for some time on account of ill health.

MAKES APPEAL TO THE MIKADO

Honolulu, June 15.—M. Negoro, editor of the Jiji, a Japanese paper, has made formal complaint to the Japanese foreign office at Tokyo of the violation of his treaty rights. His complaint is based on his arrest by United States officials, and the raid made by them on the offices of the newspaper.

What effect this will have on the relations of the United States and Japan cannot be forecasted at this time.

The situation arising out of the strike of Japanese laborers on the sugar plantations has been made still more series by a fight in which a Japanese was stabbed.

Arrested Without Warrant.

M. Negoro was taken into custody when the offices of that paper were raided by the authorities last Friday. The alleged violation of his treaty rights as a Japanese subject, he sets forth in his complaint, consists in the search of his office and the seizure of his private papers and documents by the territorial authorities without due process of law.

William Henry, territorial sheriff, admits that the search and seizure were made by force of arms, and without search warrants or process of law, but contends that the papers seized contained evidence of criminal purpose and that the courts of the territory are open to Negoro for redress if he has been damaged.

Four Indictments Found.

Negoro was rearrested yesterday, with Y. Sogo, Y. Tasaka and K. Kawamura, of the editorial staffs of the Nippu and the Jiji, on indictments returned by a grand jury, charging them with "conspiring by indirect, sinister and unlawful methods and means of intimidation, inciting to riot and threatening violence to prevent and hinder the Honolulu, Oahu, Ewa, Waialua and Kahuka plantations from carrying on their business."

Strikers yesterday attacked and seriously stabbed a Japanese restaurant-keeper at Kahana for having refused to furnish them with food.

The place is distant and inaccessible, but the sheriff has started for the scene to make an investigation.

READY FOR BIG SHOW

Wright Brothers Ship Aeroplane to Fort Meyer.

Dayton, June 15.—Packed securely in eight big boxes and addressed to the "Wright Brothers, Fort Meyer, Va.," the aeroplane to be used in the government tests was shipped to the flight grounds today.

Charles Taylor, the machinist, will go to Fort Meyer Friday or Saturday and begin the assembling of the machine before the arrival of Wilbur and Orville Wright, who expect to leave Dayton next Monday. Flights will be made at once so as to have them completed by June 28.

The historical pageant in the home celebration for the Wrights will be given Friday afternoon, the line moving at 2:30 o'clock. Work went on all day yesterday on the decorations, which extend for three blocks in a court of honor on Main street. Grand stands are being erected for almost all of that distance and preparations made to offer all the visitors in the city Thursday and Friday an opportunity of witnessing the whole of the proceedings.

TARS ARE HAULED UP LOFTY CLIFF

Gibraltar, June 15.—Passengers of the Cunarder Slavonia, wrecked off Flores Island June 10, who arrived here on board the North German Lloyd liner Prinzess Irene, told a tale of shipwreck and rescue that showed resourcefulness and the greatest bravery of the officers and crew.

Engines were flooded soon after the bottom was torn by a jagged rock. Islanders call the rocks that hold the Slavonia the "Mouth of Hell."

The ship's band played popular airs in the gray fog of the morning, to reassure frightened passengers.

Wireless calls brought the Prinzess Irene, but not before the passengers had been landed in boats.

Crew Hauled Up Cliff.

Sudden gales forced the crew to abandon the shattered wreck, and sailors were hauled by hawsers up the face of a precipitous cliff 1,000 feet high.

The Slavonia sailed from New York on June 3 and met fair weather until she was near the Azores, when a fog set in. She was under a good head of speed when she struck a rock off Flores Island.

Passengers were awakened by the shock and flocked out on the decks. It was about 2:30 o'clock in the morning. Those of the first and second cabins behaved admirably, but the steerage passengers showed a good deal of excitement. The officers of the ship did everything possible to reassure the passengers and the band was set to playing popular airs.

"C. D. Q." Call Is Sent.

A call for help was sent out by wireless, which was responded to by the Prinzess Irene. Long before her arrival on the scene the Slavonia's own boats landed the passengers.

The Prinzess Irene, which reached the Slavonia later on Thursday evening, embarked the saloon passengers early the following morning. They are unanimous in praising the coolness and kindness shown by the captain, the officers and crew of the wrecked steamer. All but six of the passengers remained on the Princess Irene and are proceeding to Naples.

John Mitchell, of Milwaukee, in describing the accident, said that he was awakened about 2:30 o'clock by a great crash. There was much commotion when he reached deck. When the officers explained conditions the passengers became calm. Soon things appeared to be quite normal.

Breakfast Is Served.

Breakfast was served as usual and the orchestra kept playing for several hours. After breakfast an officer went ashore to make arrangements for landing.

The Slavonia lay only a short distance off Flores Island. No difficulty was experienced in transferring the passengers to land and they remained there until the Prinzess Irene took them off the following morning. No one was injured, but, according to Mr. Mitchell, a steerage passenger attempted to commit suicide.

TO WED MRS. BALDWIN

Los Angeles, Cal., June 15.—Informal announcement was made today by friends of Dr. Leon Landone and Mrs. Lillian Bennett Baldwin, widow of the late E. J. ("Lucky") Baldwin, that they will be married in the near future.

Dr. Landone and Mrs. Baldwin declined to confirm the story of their engagement, but both took pains not to deny it.

Joins Suffragettes

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, of New York, who, it is announced, has become an earnest supporter of the suffragettes.

WOULD USE GUNS TO GET SUFFRAGE

New York, June 15.—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who has just returned from Europe, consented to an interview yesterday in which she told why she had become an active worker in behalf of woman suffrage.

"I have been in favor of woman suffrage all my life," she said. "I do not understand how any woman who respects herself and other women can feel otherwise. It was only after observing the methods and achievements of the English suffragettes that I saw how I might be able to take an active part in the fight—you know it may come to actual fighting in England, yes, to warfare between men and women battling for their rights."

"Do you mean," she was asked, "that they ever will actually fight for suffrage?"

"Why not?" replied Mrs. Belmont. "Would you be afraid of a man if you had a rifle in your hand?

"There is, of course, one way in which women could get the ballot all over the world in eighteen months, but they haven't the courage to attempt it. They would be too much afraid of losing their chance of that precious thing, a husband, which they have been taught to prize. And that way would be for every woman to take an oath not to marry until woman suffrage was granted. As it is I think every woman suffragist should pledge herself not to marry out of the country just as a member of the Salvation Army has to take an oath not to marry outside the army."

TAFT PLAYS IN RAIN

Is Defeated, but Likes It Just the Same.

Washington, June 15.—President Taft yesterday played golf in a downpour of rain. But the weather did not dampen his ardor. He enjoyed the afternoon's sport.

With Gen. Clarence R. Edwards as his partner, the President played a foursome against Senator Bourne and Capt. Butt, military aide to the President. The latter pair won by one up. The match was on the Chevy Chase links.

BODY IS PARALYZED

Captain Shot by Corporal May Not Live.

Des Moines, Ia., June 15.—Captain John C. Raymond, commander of Troop B, Second United States cavalry, who was shot at Fort Des Moines by Corporal Lisle Crabtree, underwent an operation for removal of the bullet. The surgeon said that it would be ten days before the ultimate outcome of the case could be known. Portions of the fractured vertebrae were removed. Captain Raymond is paralyzed from the shoulders downward.

WANTS LESS LAW

James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, who, in a speech at the opening of the Alaska-Yukon exposition, said that the chief trouble with the country is that we have too much law and pleads for a more simple method for the regulation of great enterprises.

UNITED STATES CHECKS EUROPE

Peking, June 15.—Acting on representations made by Henry P. Fletcher, charge d'affaires of the American legation, China has agreed not to ratify the foreign loan of $27,500,000 from British, German and French bankers for the construction of the Hankow-Sze-Chuen railroad.

It is expected that this refusal, coupled with the representations made by the American ambassadors in London, Paris and Berlin, will result in arrangements being made in Europe for American participation in the loan.

Mr. Fletcher was in conference both yesterday and today with President Liang tun-Yet and other officials of the foreign board. His representations assumed the importance of a protest, and China agreed to notify the German, British and French banks of her inability to ratify the loan.

The banks concerned have been making persistent efforts to precipitate ratification; the German group in Berlin instructed its representative here to use every means in his power to achieve the desired ends, but all these efforts were in violation, and this evening the local agents sent a telepraphic notification to their European principals of the success of the American representations.

SEIZE REBEL RIFLES

Federal Officers Capture a Lot of Arms Intended for Revolution in Venezuela.

Norfolk, Va., June 15.—Packed in piano boxes and evidently ready for shipment a quantity of rifles and ammunition, believed to be destined for Venezuelan revolutionists, was confiscated at Franklin, Va., early this morning.

The rifles are said to be part of a consignment of 15,000 Mauser weapons shipped from New York to St. Louis and back to Franklin, billed as pianos and packed to weather the trip to South America. The suspected filibuster steamer Nanticoke was lying near Franklin, and in the black water below the steamer was her consort, the tug Despatch.

The revenue cutter Pamlico is blockading the two suspects, and it is not believed that either could pass her even in the darkness of night. Orders have been issued from Washington to seize the vessels in case either should lift anchor.

The Nanticoke is not built for deep sea navigation, but the Despatch could navigate far off shore, and the officers in charge of the situation believe that the plan of the filibusters was to transport the arms to another steamer at sea.

The Mauser rifles and ammunition, it is said, were shipped first from Belgium to New York, and several days ago the rumored plot to send them west and from there back to the south Atlantic coast for shipment to the revolutionists, was reported at Washington, and orders were sent out to watch for suspicious craft.

TRIES AGAIN TO GET THAW FREED

Lawyer Obtains a New Writ of Habeas Corpus From Gaynor.

New York, June 15.—Harry K. Thaw may have another chance to prove his sanity in his fight for release from the Matteawan asylum for the criminal insane, to which he was committed a year ago last February after his trial for killing Stanford White.

Justice William J. Gaynor, of Brooklyn, of the appellate division of the supreme court, granted a new writ of habeas corpus this afternoon, returnable before Justice Mills in the supreme court at White Plains, N. Y., on Thursday, June 17, at 10:30 a. m. The writ was issued on application of Charles Morschauser, of Poughkeepsie, Thaw's attorney.

The hospital authorities and the state lunacy commission will doubtless oppose the new proceedings, as they have done every step of Thaw's fight to obtain his liberty within the last year.

Justice Mills, before whom the new writ is made returnable, issued a similar writ for Thaw last June. This writ kept Thaw out of Matteawan for a while, and he spent last summer in the Poughkeepsie jail and was transferred to the White Plains jail in September. In October Justice Mills denied the motion for a hearing as to Thaw's sanity.

Subsequently a writ was granted by Justice Thompson, of Nyack, N. Y., but with District Attorney Jerome's attempt to have the argument heard in New York county without a jury the proceedings were withdrawn.

Attorney Sees Hope.

When the appellate division, ten days ago, affirmed the decision of Justice Mills, denying a jury hearing, Justice Gaynor wrote a dissenting opinion, holding that Thaw was illegally detained in Matteawan, and it is believed to have been this which prompted Thaw's attorney to go before Justice Gaynor.

CHINAMAN IS TRIED

Charged With Conducting Opium Trade.

Ling Chung, the keeper of a Chinese restaurant at 338 Ontario street, is on trial before a jury in police court on a charge of selling opium illegally and conducting an opium resort.

He was arrested May 12 by State Secret Service Agent William Lester after, the latter alleges, he had purchased a supply of opium and an opium pipe from the defendant.

The prosecution is being conducted by Attorney E. C. Froelich and the defendant is repreesnted by Attorneys Charles Hartman and Robert G. Young.

HISTORY OF SQUEEZES

Numerous Efforts to Corner Grain Markets in Past.

King Patten's great May sucess has recalled many big deals of the past, which were mostly failures, says Our Boy Solomon in the C. A. King Market Report. Highest priced wheat was Old Hutch's squeeze, which developed the last few days of September, 1888. He put September up to $2.00 and squeezed Jack Cudahy almost to a frazzle, but he went broke later. Harper had the largest amount through our old friend Kershaw. He was long 75,000,000 bushels at one time, but broke the bank. Jim Keene lost several millions trying to control June wheat in 1879. He has been sour on grain since, but is one of the cleverest traders in Wall street. He likes the ladies. Armour, the old man, was successful with numerous squeezes, but donated on some. He generally secured the goods outside and took most of his losses there. Deacon Hobbs was successful in corn in 1880, but Coster Martin went broke on what might have been a successful deal of the bank had not pulled the string on them at the last hour. Gates had a miscarriage in 1904. He merely took a plunge, but not intelligently. Joe Leiter suffered the greatest financial loss. It was seven millions. His father paid the bill. He marked prices up on himself and consigned millions abroad, which were finally sold there upon the bargain-counter. Ogden Armour and Lichtstern have made some successful deals, but few who have attempted to control the market for any great period have succeeded. King Patten has had some luck in corn and oats, but this is his first big successful deal in wheat. He sized up the conditions correctly and providence has favored him. Secretary Wilson owes him an apology.

GIANT OF SEA SAILS

Southampton, June 14.—The new North German Lloyd liner, George Washington, called here yesterday and sailed again for Cherbourg at 3:15 p. m. on her maiden voyage to New York.

In addition to other passengers she brought a party of German journalists, and representatives of the London press also inspected the new vessel as it lay here.

The George Washington, 17,000 tons, is the largest ship ever built in Germany, and is from the yards of the Vulcan company at Stottin. She is 722 feet long, 78 feet wide and the depth of the upper saloon deck is 54 feet and from the awning deck 80 feet. There are two sets of quadruple expansion engines, aggregating 20,000 horsepower, which will give an average speed of 18½ knots. Her floating population will amount to 3,303 persons.

MAULED BY LION

Man Mortally Hurt Where Roosevelt Hunts.

Navaisha, British East Africa, June 15.—A member of the party of T. C. Selous, the noted African hunter, and George McMillan, nephew of the late Senator McMillan, of Michigan, was brought in here yesterday mortally wounded by a lion.

The man's name is Williams, and he was in the services of Mr. McMillan as a secretary. The encounter with the lion occurred in the Sotik district, where the party has been shooting.

The Roosevelt party left here ten days ago for the Sotik district, but nothing has been heard of the expedition since its departure.

The Week in Congress

Tuesday, June 8.—Senate—The woolen schedule of the tariff bill was taken up in the senate today. Mr. Dolliver offered several amendments and announced his intention of presenting a number of others, appealing to the Republican members to vote with him because, he said, these amendments would justify the attitude of the Republican party in advocating a protective tariff. Mr. Smoot, assisted to a large extent by Mr. Warren, defended the finance committee's recommendations with regard to that schedule. The various amendments proposed to the house bill by the finance committee of the senate are intended to restore the Dingley provisions, which, in some instances, provide higher duties than the Payne bill. Mr. Dolliver proposed an amendment which would assess the duties on woolens on an ad valorem basis according to the shrinkage of the wool. Mr. Warren, in order to illustrate the small proportion of the entire cost of a woolen garment which is dutiable, asked Mr. Dolliver to examine the suit which he was wearing. Mr. Dolliver said it appeared to him to be a very good suit, whereupon Mr. Warren explained that the cloth in the suit cost only $4, while the making and the trimming cost $42, showing that the duty on the $4 worth of cloth was trifling compared with the entire cost of the suit. The usual night session was omitted and the senate adjourned for the day.

The house was not in session today.

Wednesday, June 9.—Senate—The woolen schedule was still under consideration in the senate when at 5:30 o'clock the usual recess for dinner was taken. Several votes were obtained during the day, and thus a number of paragraphs were passed upon. Among these were the paragraph on top waste, etc., on which the committee amendment increased the house rate on wool top waste and other wastes from 20 cents per pound to 30 cents per pound, which, on a division of the senate, was adopted by a vote of 40 to 30. A vote was also obtained upon the committee amendment increasing the duty on shoddy from 20 cents per pound to 25 cents, and that on tops from 18 to 20 cents, the committee's prevailing in both cases. Speeches were made during the day by Senators Warren and La Follette, the former advocating a generally t increased duty while the latter contended, as on previous occasions, for a general reduction. The two senators engaged in a sharp controversy. Senator Dolliver declared that a "rag trust" exists, and was contradicted by Mr. Warren. A letter was read from Governor Durbin, of Indiana, advising prompt action on the tariff bill.

The house was not in session today.

Thursday, June 10.—Senate.—Senator Dolliver, assisted by eight or nine other progressive Republicans, vainly attempted today to secure some concession in the wool schedule of the tariff bill. All their amendments were voted down by the usual majority. The wool schedule was debated all day and at 5:30 a recess was taken until 8 o'clock, when the discussion was resumed. The consideration of the income tax, set for today, was postponed till tomorrow.

House—The house was in session just eleven minutes and adjourned until Monday.

Friday, June 11.—Senate.—Having completed consideration of items of the tariff bill that had been passed over under objections by senators during its second reading, the adjournment of the senate today marked an important period in the progress of the measure. When the bill is again taken up it will be upon its third reading for the final disposition of items upon which the most pronounced objections have been made. In completing the second reading of the bill, works of art over twenty years old, and collections illustrating the progress of the arts over 100 years old, which were placed in the free list by the committee on finance, were retained there after an interesting debate by a vote of 53 to 15. The starch industry received protection by a reversal of the recommendations made by the committee, by which tapioca and sago flour will be subject to a duty of 1 cent a pound when not imported for food. Crude potash, potash carbonate, caustic potash and radium were placed upon the free list. The senate adjourned until Monday.

Washington, June 14.—Senate.—Sugar was the stirring subject before the senate today. It was brought to the front in connection with the consideration of the finance committee's substitute for the house provision of the tariff bill regulating the admission of Philippine articles into the United States. Mr. Bristow criticised the clause providing a duty on sugar admitted into the Philippines equal to that on sugar brought into the United States. It was contended that the provisions were intended to promote the interests of the American sugar trust and not to benefit the Philippine producers. The supporters of the provision argued that to admit sugar into the islands free of duty would be to open the way for its free admission into this country. The only vote taken during the day session was on an amendment by Mr. Bristow admitting sugar into the Philippines free of duty. It was lost, 11 to 49. The senate took a recess until 8 o'clock, when the discussion of the Philippine tariff was resumed.

House—After a session of ten minutes today the house adjourned until Thursday. Upon motion of Representative Murphy, of Missouri, a resolution was passed, calling upon the secretary of the interior to forward the reports of Cyrus Bede, an Indian inspector, on the conduct in office of J. Blair Schoenfeldt, Indian agent at Union Station, Indian Territory, in 1904. Following the investigation by Bede, Schoenfeldt resigned, but the reports were never made public.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

Bradstreet's says:

Building trade reports confirm earlier predictions of a record spring construction in an enormous total for surpassing all previous monthly records ever compiled.

Reports as to collections share the irregularity noted in general distributive trade varying from slow to good in different sections. Reports from the northwest are that merchants are discounting bills more freely.

Business failures for the week ending with June 10 were in the United States 197, against 191 last week, 253 in the like week of 1908, 161 in 1907, 170 in 1906 and 176 in 1905. Failures in Canada for the week number 22, which compares with 29 last week and 24 in the like week of 1908.

Wheat, including flour, exports from the United States and Canada for the week ending June 10 aggregate 1,857,184 bushels, against 2,128,199 bushels last week, and 3,064,547 bushels this week last year.

Corn exports for the week are 14,314 bushels, against 36,193 last week and 126,338 in 1908.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, June 15.—Sluggish cash demand has done more than any other thing to put wheat in a weak condition. Waiting patiently for the new crop, millers are not buying a bushel more than necessary. Within the last few days Toledo June wheat has slumped 6c, but at the decline no one appears to be purchasing. Most encouraging to selling interests is the improved weather map, which shows clear skies over practically the entire country. In Kansas where showers still prevail, better weather is predicted for tomorrow. Local receipts were 4 cars, two being No. 2 red. Chicago received 6 cars. Cash and June opened steady at $1.49 and $1.45 respectively. In face of buying of July at Chicago, the option evinced an easier feeling, Toledo's opening price showing a loss of 1¼c at $1.17¼. September started ½c off at $1.12¼, and December ¼c lower at $1.12. Southwest receipts were about the same as a year and a week ago. In the northwest receipts were light. With the exception of a firmer feeling in cash developing late in the day, the general trend was downward. Cash closed 1c up at $1.50, June steady at $1.45, July 1c off at $1.17¼, September ½c lower at $1.11¾, December ⅜c down at $1.11⅞. Liverpool closed ¼ @ ⅝d off.

Clearing weather in the corn belt caused general selling, particularly by the Chicago crowd. July opened ¼c off at 75¼c, September ½c down at 73¼c, December ¼c down at 59⅞c, and May ¼c lower at 61c. Continued bearish pressure caused a loss of ⅛c in July, ⅜c in December, and 1c in the remote month.

Closing values: Cash, 76½c; July, 74⅝c; September, 73c; December, 59½c; May, 61c.

Oats sold off on more favorable weather conditions. Reports on the whole had an optimistic cast. Closing values: Cash, 58c; July, 33c; September, 44¼c; December, 45¼c, and May, 47⅛c.

In clover seed the opening was devoid of features. Prices on the call and a half hour later were: Cash, $6.40; October and December, $6.90, and March, $7.00.

At the close values in clover seed were the same as the openings.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	June 15.	Close June 14.
Cash	1.49	....	....	1.50	1.49
June	1.45	....	....	1.45	1.45
July	1.17¼	1.17½	1.17	1.17¼	1.18½
Sept.	1.12¼	....	1.11⅝	1.11⅞	1.12⅝
Dec.	1.12	....	....	1.11⅞	1.12¼
May	....	....	....	1.15½	....
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	76¼	77
July	75¼	....	74¼	74⅝	75¼
Sept.	73¼	73⅝	....	73	73⅝
Dec.	59⅛	....	....	59½	60⅛
May	61	....	60	61	61¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	59	59½
July	53¼	....	....	53	54
Sept	44¼	44⅝	....	44¼	44½
Dec.	45¼	....	45	45¼	47¼
May	47⅜	....	....	47½	....
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.40	....	....	6.40	6.40
Oct	6.90	....	....	6.90	6.90
Dec	6.90	....	....	6.90	6.90
Mar	7.00	....	....	7.00	7.00
No. 2	....	....	....	....	6.00
No. 3	....	....	....	....	5.70
Rejected	....	....	....	....	5.40
New	....	....	....	....	4.50
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	90½	90½
No. 2	....	....	....	90	90
No. 3	....	....	....	87	87
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.95	1.95
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.00	8.00
Aug.	....	....	....	8.25	8.25

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	1.16	....	1.15⅞	1.16½	1.16⅝
Sept.	1.08¼	....	1.09	1.09¼	1.09⅝
Dec.	1.07⅜	1.07⅝	1.07⅜	1.07⅝	1.08
May	1.10⅜	1.10½	1.10	1.10½	1.10⅝
Corn—					
Sept.	72⅝	....	71⅞	72	72⅜
Sept.	70¼	....	....	69¾	70¼
Dec.	59½	....	....	59⅛	59⅝
May	60⅛	....	....	59⅝	60¼
Oats—					
Sept.	51¾	....	51⅜	51¾	52
Sept.	44	44⅛	43⅝	43⅝	44⅛
Dec.	44⅛	....	44	44⅛	44⅝
May	46½	46¾	....	46⅝	46⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	1.23¾	1.24	....	1.23¼	1.24⅝
Corn—					
July	71¼	....	....	81⅝	81⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	1.12⅜	....	1.11¼	1.11⅜	1.25⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.30¼	1.32¼
Sept.	....	....	....	1.10⅝	1.18⅛

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.29¼	1.30¼
Sept.	....	....	....	1.10½	1.11⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	20.30	....	....	20.37	20.52
Sept.	20.50	....	20.50	20.57	20.72
Lard—					
July	11.85	....	11.75	11.72	11.80
Sept.	11.92	....	11.80	11.80	11.87
Oct.	....	....	....	11.75	11.85
Ribs—					
July	11.05	....	....	11.02	11.00
Sept.	11.07	....	....	11.02	11.07
Oct.	....	....	....	....	10.97

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, June 15.—Receipts were light and the market 5@10c higher than yesterday's close. Cattle were slow but steady. Veal calves were marked down sharply in prime weights.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 300 lbs., $8.00@8.10; mediums, $7.85@8.00; Yorkers, $7.75@7.85; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $7.25@7.40; stags and roughs, $4.00@7.00; mixed, $7.85@7.90; bulk of sales, $7.85; pigs, $7.00@7.15; common to light pigs, $6.00@7.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.25@6.60; good to choice, $6.00@6.40; good, fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., $5.00@5.50; common and light steers, $3.25@4.50; choice fat cows, $4.50@5.00; fair to good, $3.50@4.50; common cows, $2.50@3.25; canners and cutters, $1.50@3.00; prime export bulls, $4.75@5.25; good butcher bulls, $4.50@4.85; fair to good bologuas, $3.75@4.50; choice fat heifers, $5.50@6.00; fair to good heifers, $4.75@5.40; common and light heifers, $3.75@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.50@4.85; stockers, good to choice, $4.50@5.00; stockers, common to fair, $3.25@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $5.25@5.50; good to choice mixed, $5.00@5.50; fair to good, $4.25@5.00; culls and common, $3.00@4.00; clipped lambs, $5.00@7.00; spring lambs, $5.00@8.00.

Calves—Veals, choice to extra, $7.25@7.50; fair to good, $7.00@8.00; common to light, $4.00@6.00; heavy and pail-fed, $4.00@5.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, June 15.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 2 cars, steady. Hogs, 10 cars, strong. Heavy, $8.25; yorkers, $7.60@8.10; pigs, $7.25. Sheep, 2 cars, steady. Best spring lambs, $8.50@9.00; yearlings, $7.00@7.50; wethers, $5.75@6.00; ewes, $4.50@4.75. Calves $4.50@7.75.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, June 15.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hog receipts, 30 cars, higher. Mediums and mixed, $8.00; yorkers, $7.70; pigs, $7.00@7.20. Calves, $8.00; lambs, $8.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, June 15.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 2,000, market steady. Beeves, $5.50@7.25; Texas steers, $4.65@6.25; western steers, $4.75@6.30; stockers and feeders, $3.60@5.50; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.30; calves, $6.00@8.00. Hogs, receipts estimated at 12,000; market strong. Light, $7.10@7.80; mixed, $7.30@7.95; heavy, $7.40@8.05; rough, $7.40@7.60; good to choice heavy, $7.60@8.05; pigs, $6.15@7.05; bulk of sales, $7.55@7.90. Sheep, receipts estimated at 10,000; market steady to shade lower; native, @6.00; western, $3.75@6.00; yearlings, @7.15; lambs, native, $5.00@8.15; western, $5.75@8.15; spring lambs, $6.60@8.30.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, June 15.—(By Daily